

From the North British Review.

1. *Neander—Das Leben Jesu Christi in seinem Geschichtlichen Zusammenhange.* Hamburg, 1845.
2. *Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel.* 2 Bände. Hamburg, 1847.
3. *Allgemeine Geschichte der Christlichen Religion und Kirche.* 8 Bände. Hamburg, 1825–47.
4. *Julian und sein Zeitalter.* Hamburg, 1812.
5. *Antignosticus, Geist des Tertullianus und Einleitung in dessen Schriften.* 2 Bände. Berlin, 1849.
6. *Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus.* 2 Bände. Berlin, 1849.
7. *Der Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter.* Hamburg, 1848.
8. *Denkwürdigkeiten aus der Geschichte des Christlichen Lebens.* 2 Bände. Hamburg, 1846.
9. *Zum Gedächtniss August Neander.* Berlin, 1850.
10. *Neander's History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church under the Apostles.* Biblical Cabinet, vols. 35, 36. Edinburgh.
11. *History of the Christian Religion and Church during the Three First Centuries.* Translated by JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Vermont, U. S. Vol. I. Bohn's Library. London, 1850.

THE name of Neander is familiar to most of our readers. Many of them, we believe, have already learned to reverence the man, and to appreciate the value of his labors, as the chief author in these times of the development of Church History as a science, and as one of the most influential leaders of the reaction which is going on in Germany in favor of apostolic or spiritual Christianity. He lived in a land where learning is followed and honored as a profession, and where he was accounted one of the most learned of men. In the heat of controversy, the piety of some of his contemporaries, as Hengstenberg and Tholuck, had been held up to frequent ridicule; yet all Germany continued steadily to revere the piety of Neander, as of an Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile. He shared, till his death, in July last, the honors of the most learned city on the Continent with men like Schelling and Humboldt—the living patriarchs of philosophy and science. With all this there were moral elements in the homage paid to Neander which are not to be found in the homage paid to merely intellectual greatness. All his life long he stood aloof from the business and conflicts of the world, and, indeed, had no aptitude for mingling in its affairs. His world was his study, and his companions were his books; and thus he maintained, during a long career, the character of the student, with something of the habits of the recluse. His life began with the storms of the first French Revolution, and it has closed amidst the struggles of that fierce democracy which has now, as then, proclaimed war against society and the Christian Church. Neander's researches into the history of the past did not keep him from obtaining a minute acquaintance with all

the great movements of his own age, both in the Church and in the world. At the same time, the very circumstance of his singularly retired and peaceful life enabled him to exercise the greater sway over the thinking and active Christianity of Germany. The teaching and Christian life, of which he is the type, have already begun to influence the churches of Great Britain, and must continue to impart a healthful vigor to their system in doctrine and practice. In this belief we proceed, after a few personal notices, to give some account of his literary labors.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born in Göttingen on the 16th January, 1789. His parents were poor, and belonged to the Jewish faith. He received the first elements of education in Hamburg, where Judaism has long retained a firm footing, and where the Christian religion was long disgraced by the worst rationalism of the pulpit and the press. He entered the University of Halle in 1806, when Schleiermacher lent it the lustre of his name and influence. He became Professor in Heidelberg in 1811, and in 1813 began his course as Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, where he continued to labor till his death. It is recorded of him, when previously a student at Halle, under Vater, that the first circumstance which brought him prominently into notice was his answering a question in Church history which had puzzled the whole class. This he did in such a way as at once to reveal his hidden powers, and to make him a favorite with the professor and the students. Neander is one of the many illustrious men who have been successively brought by the government of Prussia to Berlin, that centre of German scholarship and intellectual life. The Prussian capital has fewer natural attractions than any other great European city. It has, besides, few historical associations beyond the days of Frederick the Great; and yet the collective fame of these men, and their influence on the researches or controversies of the day, have given it much of the interest which attached to ancient Athens with its schools of learning.

The personal history of Neander is an impressive illustration of the truth of Christianity, and an instance of its divine power. He himself assures us that he had to grope his way from the venerable ritual of ancient Judaism onward to the visions of the Platonic philosophy, until he at last found repose in the doctrines and the death of Jesus of Nazareth. We accordingly see him wandering at first among the types and symbols and prophetic utterances of the Jewish Church, then seeking relief in the schools of the world's philosophy, and finally retracing his steps to discover the pathway of truth, in following the faith of his childhood to its glorious issue in Christ. Here he found the symbolical language of Judaism deciphered, while at the same time he found that his spiritual wants were satisfied, and that a practical solution was given to the mysteries of a world of sin and death. With a nature so earnest as his, he must from the first have been impressed with the representations given in the Old Testament Scriptures of the holiness of God and the guilt of man, and the need of reconciliation between the sinner and the eternal

Judge. These meditations must have fostered in him that spirit of *moral thoughtfulness* which Arnold somewhere speaks of as the leading element in all true greatness of character. While scepticism, disjoined from a pure life, may keep the heart forever away from religious truth, as in the case of men like Voltaire or Byron, all true earnestness of thought and purpose is in the direction of the Cross as its final landing-place. We see, in the spiritual history of men like Neander, and Chalmers, and Foster, and Arnold, that truth and holiness bear a family likeness, having the same heavenly ancestry, and bringing the same dowry of eternal life. The examples of men like these, in their search for truth, form an impressive testimony to the divinity of that faith in which knowledge becomes one with life, and the highest soarings of man's reason harmonize with the deepest experiences of his soul.

Before proceeding to speak of Neander as an author, we must present a picture of him as a man. It may surprise some to be told of his personal appearance. One might often pass him in the streets of Berlin, and little dream that the grotesque figure, so ill-favored and oddly attired, and so seemingly heedless of the whole outer world, was the greatest living church-historian, and one of the chief leaders of the mind of Germany. Nature certainly did not lavish on his person many of her graces, and art seemed to undo the little that nature had done. His features bore the mark of the most ungainly Jewish type; while his dress was not unlike that of a well-known tribe of his Jewish brethren, the dealers in old clothes in the back-lanes of London. No one who ever saw him in his class-room can forget the place or the man. There he stood behind a table nearly as high as himself, with his sunken eyes all but closed, or twinkling below his shaggy eye-brows, and with his thick black hair covering the greater part of his ample brow. He wore a long surtout carelessly buttoned over a spotted vest, with outside boots which reached nearly to his knees. Such was the bizarre figure that, to the stranger's surprise, entered the class-room, itself the largest in the University. His eyes were either half-closed or fixed on the desk before him, and, on taking his place, he seized a pen which lay ready for his use. This pen he would twist and tear to pieces during the lecture; and at intervals, as some weighty utterance made him raise his sonorous voice, he would turn to his right side, and lift up both his hands in the air as in the attitude of a frantic dervish. During these different actions of the upper part of the body, one foot was placed upon the other, or when he became more animated, it was made to swing round with considerable force and strike the wall behind. Occasionally the pen which he held in his hand would fall over the side of the desk, to the great amusement of the class. When this happened, he became disconcerted for a moment; then began to manipulate with one of his fingers in a like way, until some student sitting near him supplied him with another pen, when the same round of movements went on as strangely as before. In all this there is not the slightest exaggeration; we have given only an imperfect description of the reality. Yet this singularity of manner had nothing in common with that affectation which courts notoriety at the expense of custom or taste. Neander manifested a character of the most guileless simplicity, and a high-souled superiority above everything that is false. The truth is, these mat-

ters of conventionalism never entered his mind. His world was not that of vulgar show or fashion, but of moral aims and the divine life.

Beyond the circle of his study and of private friendship, Neander was chiefly known at the University, and here he was abundant in labors. Each day he was occupied in carrying on two, and occasionally three, courses of lectures in Church History, or the exegesis of the New Testament, or Dogmatic Theology, or Christian Ethics; and these lectures were delivered extempore, though with the accuracy of his elaborate writing. His constitution, even when a student, was naturally delicate; and the wonder to every one was, how he could go through so much academical labor, in combination with the constant claims of authorship. He was the idol of the students, who indeed bore to him not merely a chivalrous homage as a singularly learned man, but a filial veneration as a master and prince of Israel. His house was the place of meeting for many talented and devoted young men, who looked up to him as their religious teacher and friend, and who rejoiced to aid him in his literary labors. Few social entertainments could have more interest than the weekly meetings between Neander and parties of his students—called in German University language *Kränzchen*. They were held in his study, on every side of which lay in confusion the folios of the Greek and Latin fathers. Tea was served in the most simple style; and was followed by conversation on the religious questions of the day, or the character of new theological works, or on the prospects of the Church generally in different parts of the world. It was at such times that the unaffected sincerity of the man appeared, and that without restraint he drew from the treasures of his learning, or gave utterance to the holy longings of his soul. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the old man's heart as shown in this intercourse; and never certainly did any professor exercise a more healthful moral influence over his students. He manifested a hearty sympathy with them in the struggles of the faith, and in all that concerned their spiritual welfare. His whole soul was engrossed with the cause of Christ and of Christ's Church, and his table-talk bore the marks of the great theme which was habitually in his mind. The homage paid to him by the students was particularly evinced on the anniversaries of his birth, when they honored him, after the German fashion, with a torch-procession at night-fall. These occasions he uniformly signalized by thanking God for sparing his life, by expressing his hearty interest in the work of his professorship, and his unshaken confidence in the final triumph of Christ's truth over all the forms of false philosophy or the world's inveterate sin. Never have we heard anything more solemn or heart-stirring than one of those birth-day addresses, delivered from the open window of his house, while the students were assembled in his rooms or were standing in the court below.

Neander's private life had few incidents in the ordinary sense in which biographers use the word. He was everywhere the same earnest, humble, tender-hearted man, full of love to his Saviour and his fellow-men. He lived in great happiness with a devoted sister, who was his guide and guardian through the latter years of his life. He seldom went from home, unless when his friends forced him to make some excursion for his health, after the exhausting labors of the university. The writer can testify to having seen his name in the

visitor's book, kept in the house at the top of the Faulhorn—the highest house in Europe, on one of the heights of the Bernese Alps. There was no mistaking the unique autograph, which might otherwise have been set down as the forgery of some German student, seeking to play off a practical joke at the expense of one who was the most unlikely of all men to make such an ascent.

For the last year or two of his life the strength of Neander had been giving way under repeated attacks of illness of an aggravated kind. He was sorely tried by the rapid decay of his sight, ending in almost total blindness; yet, during the whole of that time, he never complained, nor gave up his work. Those who were then with him declare that the inner eye of the soul, which no darkness could quench, burned as brightly as ever. We might say of him as our great poet said of himself under a like trial:—

So much the rather, thou, Celestial Light,  
Shine inward; and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

His last illness was but of short duration. It has been truly said that nothing more was needed to make the close of his life holy than that he should continue to live as he had done. He was able to lecture till within a week of his death. He had often given a proof of his academical faithfulness, far beyond what duty required or warranted, by continuing his prelections when he should have been on a sick-bed, and by disregarding the remonstrances of physicians and friends. During his last lecture his deeply impressive voice repeatedly faltered and almost died away. However, with that self-command which he always showed in trouble, he persevered until the close of the hour, and with the help of some students was removed to his house in a state of extreme exhaustion. On being brought thither his strength rallied. In the course of the afternoon he called his amanuensis and, with intervals of great weakness and suffering, he calmly dictated for three hours the closing pages of his Church History. He even gently rebuked his sister, who sought to dissuade him from the task, and requested to be allowed still to labor. At last oppressed nature sank, and he was compelled, by a higher than human bidding, to give up the work to which he had dedicated the studies and labors of a lifetime. In the evening the physicians declared that the case was hopeless. Still he did not anticipate the fatal issue of his illness. The dying man's thoughts were about his academical duties, and while admitting that he was unable to lecture, he emphatically added that the delay would only be for that day, and that he hoped to resume his duties on the morrow. So truly might Nietzsche say at his funeral, "Wie innig liebten sich August Neander und die Theologische Jugend Deutschlands!" On the afternoon of the next day he was able to hear a passage read from Ritter's Palestine, the book with which he was last occupied, and also extracts from the public journals, on which, according to his custom, he commented with his usual emphasis. His disease returned at intervals, with occasional paroxysms of suffering, which he endured with the most Christian patience. A long familiarity with sickness had disciplined him for the final struggle. He was deeply affected, however, by the watchful care of his friends, and repeatedly raised his feeble voice to thank them for what they did.

At last his mind began to waver, and, in a somewhat peremptory tone, he ordered the servant to make preparation for his rising from bed. His sister remonstrated with him, by reminding him that all his afflictions came from God, to which the meek sufferer replied, with a subdued voice, and with the return of perfect self-consciousness, "That is true; all this comes from God, and we must thank Him for it." On the afternoon of the Saturday the setting sun shone brilliantly into his chamber, and as if the spirit of a prophet were given him to behold in this material glory the symbol of that true celestial light which was soon to shine on him, he added, "I am weary; let us make ready to go home." Still his thoughts dwelt upon the past; and he fancied himself at his post, engaged in his work as a professor or an author. At one time he raised himself on his pillow and began a lecture on the Exegesis of the New Testament. At another time he asked that a paper, recently given in to the Theological Seminary, should be read. At a third time he intimated the subject of his next course of lectures, "The Gospel of John, considered from its true historical point of view." And after that he dictated an additional sentence or two of his Church History, and closed all his literary labors with these remarkable words: "Thus far in general—afterwards there comes the further development." He then asked the time, and when told that it was half-past nine, he opened his lips for the last time, and said, "I am weary; I will now go to sleep. Good night!" Shortly afterwards the fatal stupor began. He slumbered until about two in the following morning, being Sunday, the 14th of July, 1850, when his spirit joined those holy men whose lives he wrote and whose memories he has embalmed.

We know few scenes of death more in harmony with the previous life. We cannot but be struck with the strength of will which sought to rise above mere bodily pain, and with that humble hope in God, which was, with Neander, not a mere general belief but the very habit and frame of his soul. The deep hold which his previous studies had taken of his mind was seen in this, that when nature sank, and his spirit wandered wildly as in a dream, there was still but one well-marked channel in which his thoughts could run, and only one theme on which he could speak. Perhaps the most interesting circumstance of all, is the intention he expressed of making John's Gospel the subject of this winter's prelections. We believe that he began his academical course by a course of lectures on this very subject, and he expired with the theme on his lips and in his heart. This coincidence is all the more striking because his contemporaries have many times remarked that the fundamental points of his character were in harmony with those of John, as the disciple of divine knowledge and heavenly love. Like John we might say of Neander that he leaned on his Master's breast and stood beside his cross. Unconsciously he thus drew with his own hand his picture at death. His spiritual history began with a conversion like Paul's, and ended with a holy love like that of John. If any one wishes to be satisfied of this, let him read the different dedications prefixed to his several works, and see how they all breathe forth the language of the purest love to God and man. The announcement he made on his deathbed was all the more remarkable—because the criticism of Germany for years past has been gradually bearing more closely on John's Gospel, as the field on which

the battle of gospel history must finally be fought and won.

The funeral obsequies of Neander were in keeping with the universal respect and honor he had earned when alive. He was buried on the 17th July, in the Jerusalem Cemetery of Berlin, a little way beyond the Halle Gate. The day of his funeral was one of widespread mourning. There is a melancholy satisfaction in turning from the revolutionary scenes witnessed two years ago in that city, to the homage it recently paid to this learned and holy man. The king and the princes of Prussia sent their carriages to join the funeral procession, which was composed of men of all classes and ranks—professors and students, clergy and officers of state, with an immense mass of citizens in the rear. The streets along which the procession passed were filled with solemnized spectators, as if every one present felt that Berlin had lost its master-spirit. The Bible and Greek Testament which Neander had used were carried by his students before the hearse, and some of the touching funeral-songs in which German religious poetry abounds were sung over the grave. Three orations were delivered on the occasion of the funeral. The first was by Dr. Strauss, one of the clergy of the Cathedral, and Neander's friend for fifty years. A second was uttered by Dr. Krummacker at the grave. The third oration was by Dr. Nitzsch, in the Hall of the University, before the professors and students.

We proceed now to speak of Neander as an author, and to take a general survey of some of his works. All his life he kept steadily to one chief subject, the History of the Christian Church. His first considerable effort was his Treatise on Julian and his Times, in 1812—a remarkable production for a youth of twenty-three. In 1813 his Life of Bernhard appeared, with his Development of the Gnostic Systems, and his Life of Chrysostom in 1818. In 1826, he published the first volume of his General Church History, the second volume in 1829, and the later volumes at different intervals till his death. His History of the Apostolic Church was issued in 1832, and his Life of Christ in 1837. It is not necessary to refer here to his other writings. It would be understating the truth to say that this one theme—the History of the Church—formed the matter of intense and laborious study to Neander for forty years. It was a master-subject which acquired a complete ascendancy over him, leavening his whole thoughts and claiming all his powers. It became the mould in which his soul was cast. With him the study was not mere intellectual discipline or learned research, as with many of his contemporaries. It engaged the affections of his heart, as well as the energies of his intellect, so that he manifested in his character of church historian his whole individuality as a man.\*

\* The writer once saw a signal instance of this at an academical meeting held in commemoration of the establishment of the Berlin University by Frederic III. The king was present, and a whole host of the great literary and scientific men of the city. Papers were read on different subjects; and at last Neander stood up, adorned with the ribbon of we know not what Prussian Order. His paper was on some recondite subject connected with the Gnostics, which he proceeded to read with as much composure as if he had been in his study surrounded with the ponderous tomes of the Fathers. So impossible was it for him to appear at any time in any other character than as the Historian of the Church! We may here mention by the way what Nitzsch has said, that his historical monographies of men and systems have laid the foundation for endless treatises of a like kind in every department of ecclesiastical research.

In truth he brought to the work a combination of singular excellencies. He had amassed stores of learning to a degree almost incredible both for extent and accuracy, and to these he added a power of generalization as wonderful as the learning it methodized and explained. A broad spirit of Christian sympathy, moreover, springing out of his profound spiritual character, enabled him to identify himself with all the developments of true Christianity in the progress of the Church. To Neander the History of the Church gathered its interest from the practical development which it exhibits of that scheme of redemption, which is set forth in the Incarnation and Atonement, and is designed by God to pervade and sanctify the sinful nature of man in every age and land. This was the starting point of his historical studies, and there was connected with this practical aim the call of philosophy to represent these results in a scientific form. Hence the double character of his history, as seen on its philosophical side in the homage paid to science, and on its practical side in the higher homage paid to piety.

It is an irksome task to point out defects where there is so much solid and prominent excellence. Yet it is right to notice here a defect in Neander's character as a historian, of which he himself was well aware. We refer to the *subjective* character of all his writings. No historian, perhaps, has given the impress of his individuality to a narrative more entirely than Neander. History is with him a science of great spiritual principles, of which the facts or events are the exponents. Hence we often crave in his historical compositions a graceful and continuous self-unfolding of the narrative. There is instead a certain massiveness and monotony of style, at variance with the simplicity of the early historians, and a fixed and somewhat cumbrous phraseology, which is applied to all times and classes of events. Tholuck has justly said, that in giving the history of the Church he gives too little of the history of the world. But the personal history of Neander supplies the explanation of this. We have seen how little he was familiar with men and manners, and how he lived far more in the inner world of the soul than in the outer world of sense. Nothing can supply the objective element in the historian's character but a practical acquaintance with the real world we live in. It is this which is the charm of historical writing like Macaulay's; for, while Neander seldom states facts without an elaborate enunciation of the great principles they reveal, our latest British historian leads us to recognize the principles embodied in the minutest facts without this articulate statement.

In offering some account of Neander as a man of Christian thought, it is out of the question for us to attempt anything like a review of his separate works. We purposely confine ourselves to a statement and exposition of his opinions on the leading matters of Christian speculation. This rule obliges us to follow an order different from the chronological order of the publication of his works; but it may enable us to show, in a more systematic way, what are the different parts of his Christian philosophy, and how they stand mutually connected. Following this design, our subject divides itself into these four heads:—I. Neander's idea of the character of Christ as the founder of the Church. II. His idea of the Christian Church, as Christ's kingdom. III. His idea of the Christian life, as realized and exhibited in the different members of the Church. IV. His idea of Christian truth, as



the doctrine of Christ's Church. In following this arrangement, we are in a great measure applying to himself the principles of the different divisions of his own Church History.

I. Neander's representation of the character of Christ must be drawn principally from his Life of Jesus, although the same general principles pervade his whole writings. We can believe him when he speaks of the fear he felt in approaching this subject, and in proof of it quotes the answer of Herder to Lavater, "Who could venture after John to write the Life of Christ?" Hence his long delay in taking up this subject. He felt the need of being more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christianity before he recorded the earthly life of its Divine Founder. Special circumstances soon left him no alternative but to proceed. But in this very delay we have a signal instance of a reverent spirit too rare in a land where men are familiarized to treat without reverence the most holy themes. The immediate occasion of the appearance of the work was the previous publication of the Life of Jesus by Strauss, in 1835. Neander's book, however, instead of being a polemical reply, contains in an independent form his own statement of positive truth.

His design is to maintain in harmony the supernatural and the strictly historical character of Christ. As to the former, he takes up a position entirely distinct from that of the older rationalists of the school of Semler and Paulus; as to the latter, he as distinctly opposes the later rationalism of the school of Hegel and Strauss. With Jesus there has been the introduction of a totally new spiritual element into this sinful world. Hence his representation of him, according to the favorite phrase of the later German theology as the *Urmensch*—the ideal man. His life is the perfection of human nature purified from sin and in entire harmony with God's law. It represents the accordance and reconciliation between the ideal and the phenomenal—the law of God and the life of man. Christ is thus both the one new moral element of history, and, as he nobly said, the miracle of history. He at once sanctifies history and transcends it. This new element is designed to pervade all history as the leaven that leavens the whole lump. To the adorable Redeemer all history points as the realization of perfect manhood, and in likeness to him all spiritual excellency lies. Everything out of Christ reveals a strange discord between what is and what ought to be. In ways like these is it that Neander loves to speak of the Divine Saviour. All his writings exalt him to this place of spiritual preëminence. He is careful to show negatively, that there was nothing borrowed or derivative in Christ's character, seeing that he was in every sense *αὐτόχθονος*. This sublime originality of Christ's life proves its freedom from all earthly admixture, and thereby indirectly proclaims his divinity. He was entirely free from every element peculiar to the three great sects among the Jews of his age—the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes—and also from the influence of oriental theosophy. This is proved positively by what the Germans call the *plan* of his earthly life. In opposition to all speculations like those of Hase and De Wette, which speak of Christ's purpose having changed from opposing circumstances in his life, Neander steadfastly proclaims the unity of his purpose as the Redeemer from first to last, and in proof appeals to his constant sense of the Messiahship.

Neander's Christology has two prominent features—first, its human or anthropological; secondly, its strictly historical character. In the one we detect the marks of German theology; in the other of Neander's personal studies. As regards the former, he loves to think of Christ's character on its human side; and hence he constantly speaks of him as "the Son of Man"—*der Menschen-sohn*. He deals much less with the questions connected with Christ's relation to God. Sometimes he uses expressions that look like Sabellianism; but we believe this arose in a great measure from his accepting the fact of Christ's divinity without seeking to explain the mode of it. No man knew better than Neander the practical meaning of the command, that as men honor the Father so should they also honor the Son. The second element in his Christology is its historical character; and here his own character as a historian comes prominently forward when he so frequently speaks of Christ as this one moral element in history—the source and soul of all holiness in the world. He had surveyed the wide expanse of history, with its anomalies and contradictions and grievous sins; and he ever turns with new wonder and love to think of him who came to reinstate and transfigure the fallen nature of man. Few theologians have realized more vividly than Neander the mystery of the incarnation as the greatest of all historical facts; or its manifold applications to the wants and wounds of man's soul. Christ is to him the central figure in all history; and in his view a scheme of history would be as defective without a primary reference to Christ as a scheme of astronomy which made no mention of the sun.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the general consent of the narrative in the Life of Christ, as a defence of his supernatural and historical character. It flows on with its singular admixture of principles and events; and, as a whole, it forms a record of Divine things, artlessly told, yet pregnant with meaning, and proving against all unbelief that these things, on strictly historical principles, were literally true. We cannot here illustrate the full bearing of Neander's leading principles on this phase of the apologetical controversy. Suffice it to state that the Deism of the earlier Rationalists, and the Pantheism of the later school, meet and agree in denying the supernatural, and by consequence also the strictly historical element in the gospels, for both of which Neander contends. This they do on totally different grounds; the older Rationalists because of the supposed absence of any necessity for special divine interference in the established order of things—the later Rationalists because of the presence of the same divine element already in the self-development of the universe, and the consequent impossibility of a more special divine manifestation than the sequences of nature themselves. The one view represents what is miraculous in revelation as an uncalled-for departure from God's regular plan in creation; the other as a practical severance of God from himself, and hence an impossibility. Against both extremes Neander defends the supernatural and historical claims of the gospels, by showing what the divine elements in Christ's life are, and how truly they bear the impress of authentic history.\* The criti-

\* Neander's great contemporary and fellow-historian, Niebuhr, of whom he ever spoke with the highest praise, and who with his philosophical genius drew the line between fact and fable in the early history of Rome, used to declare that all belief in history is at an end if the Gospels

cal theory of Strauss, proceeding on the pantheistic philosophy, implies that there is but little of actual history in the narrative of the Gospels beyond the general fact that Jesus lived, taught, gathered disciples around him, and at last died in Judea. The supernatural circumstances of his life form the mythical drapery, borrowed from the Messianic conceptions of the Old Testament, and thrown around the personal character and history of Jesus of Nazareth. The figure is that of an extraordinary man, and the dress is taken from those prophetic times when men's souls were filled with the imagination of a Messianic king and kingdom.

We must content ourselves with referring to other sources for an articulate statement of the manner in which Strauss' criticism and philosophy interpret and supplement each other. We content ourselves with the remark, in connection with our immediate subject, that there are three fatal historical objections to this whole scheme. 1. It fails to explain the origin of the Gospel representation of Christ. Strauss attributes our version and picture of Christ's life to the prevalence of Messianic ideas among the Jews, which they applied to Jesus of Nazareth. In his view Christ is made the embodiment of all these prophecies and hopes. But this is only shifting the difficulty a step further back from New to Old Testament ground. These prophecies and anticipations require themselves to be explained. From what central body did these gleams of scattered light proceed? How are we to account for the gradual development of these prophecies into greater clearness and fulness? Why was it that the whole existence of the nation was identified with them, and that this Messianic hope became the great element in their national life? It is not enough to say that the character of Christ in the Gospels is the reflection of these Messianic times; because the question still remains, what was the origin of that very Messianic idea which grew with the nation's growth and strengthened with its strength? Moreover, the effect is altogether disproportioned to the cause, seeing that even the apostles were proverbially slow to learn, being weighed down by the most grossly carnal conceptions, and often cleaving to a scheme which Christ specially set himself to overthrow. The Christ of the Gospels is not the Messiah of a material Judaism, but the Head of a pure and spiritual kingdom, which Christ's followers during his lifetime could ill comprehend. 2. A second objection to Strauss' system lies in the result itself, the very phenomenon behoving to be explained, namely, the recorded life of such a personage as Christ. How comes it that from such heterogeneous elements there should emerge a character of spotless purity and perfection? What explanation is to be given of the accordance between so-called mythical legends, and a moral life like His? Why in Christ's character is there the absence of everything to degrade, and the presence of every attribute to exalt and sanctify? If all this is fabulous, why have men ever pointed to it as that which transcends all history! and why is it consciously or unconsciously made the practical standard of all morality? Why does Christ's life still stand out above all the moral achievements of our race, and above the highest conception of poetry? Why is the only perfection to be found in the

are not true; and now, from their united testimony, the principles both of sacred and secular history are made completely to harmonize.

past, and in this one example in all the past? Surely it is strange that there should be morally no stain on the portraiture, but that every line of it should be instinct with perfection. There was the most ample room for moral imperfection, if Strauss' hypothesis is true, because these mythical elements are nothing but the ever-shifting clouds that float over the table-land of history. Strauss can never answer the question, why the mythical Christ is still morally the perfect one? 3. If we look to Christ's life as an originating principle, Strauss' theory gives no explanation of the effects produced by it in all after-ages. It neither explains the problem of the personal perfection of Jesus of Nazareth, nor the parallel problem of the existence of a Church which is the living historical witness of Jesus. We explain the discovery of America, and the events that followed it by the enterprise of Columbus. We trace the mechanical triumphs of steam to the inventive genius of Watt. Here, however, we have an effect out of all proportion greater, and yet behoving to be explained by a cause correspondingly less. The truth is, that a common historical element must be sought for in the prophecies that preceded and foreshadowed Christ's life—in the sublime reality of that life itself—and, finally, in the results of that life as seen in the subsequent history of the Church. It is this which makes Christ's appearance on the earth to be, as Müller says, the "end of ancient and the beginning of modern history." Looking at the matter in its details, we observe the progress of the same divine influence from age to age. What, for example, can explain the historical accordance between the Gospels and the Acts, or between the Acts and the Epistles, or between the New Testament as a whole and the spiritual life of all subsequent centuries—in a word, between Christ and His Church? Are all the martyrdoms of the saints—their good confessions—their holy lives—nothing more than the vain adoration of a legend or a myth? Nothing can explain this holy unity between the personal character of Jesus and the life of His Church, but a common substratum of historical truth. We must recognize in him a true historical personage, before we can with reason trace up to him all that is good and holy and true on the earth in the lives of his disciples in every age. There are only two alternatives; either to apply the mythical element to the subsequent history of Paul, and even of Augustin and Luther; or, beginning at the other end, to trace the historical element upward to Christ himself. If we do the former, we turn history into caricature; if we do the latter, we overthrow every form of the mythical theory as applied to the Gospels.

Something analogous to the result of this controversy has been seen among ourselves, when the discoveries of geology have from time to time formed the ground of successive attacks against the faith. Characteristically enough of both countries, the attack in the one case proceeded from the side of physical science, and in the other from the side of criticism and the higher philosophy. In Great Britain the result has been to evoke a profounder science, and to prove a deeper harmony between the words and the works of God. In Germany, too, it has been already proved, that the enemies of Christianity exulted without cause, and that its friends were filled with groundless fear. This controversy has called into being a sounder criticism, guided by a deeper piety. Strauss thrust the

spear into Christ's side, and forthwith there came out blood and water.

II. We now proceed to develop Neander's idea of the Church or Kingdom of Christ. It is but a step from the consideration of the character and work of Jesus, to that of the spiritual institution which he came to establish. With Neander the Church is the manifestation or life of Christ in history. Christ's kingdom was not a sudden display of his power, unconnected with the previous history of the world. According to that law of development, which he everywhere notices as the great law of history, there were, both in the human systems of Heathenism, and in the divine economy of Judaism, many intimations of the coming of this kingdom. There is nothing more masterly in Neander's writings, than the introductory chapter in his general history of the Church, in which he speaks of the position of the Heathen and Jewish world before Christ appeared. Here we see the germ of much of that Christian literature which has since been engaged in detecting the intimations of Christianity given by all other systems of religion. This part of his work is the noble gateway by which we enter the temple of Christian history.

To begin with Heathenism. After noticing the different forms which it took—its Scepticism represented by Pilate—its Deism by Lucian—its Pantheism by the elder Pliny—its superstitious Fanaticism by Plutarch, he goes on to represent Stoicism and Platonism as its highest moral attainments. It is in the Platonic philosophy that he traces the points of contact between Heathenism and Christianity, and shows how many were gradually led from the one to the other. Platonism did not like Stoicism assign an ultimate place to the nature of man, but regarded it in its close alliance with the divine nature. It represented man's present life as one to be spent in communion with God, and as a preparation for a higher state of living in God. By showing the necessity of a closer union between heaven and earth, it was fitted to prepare its more earnest followers for the higher spiritual life of Christianity. Neander in these speculations widely differs from many who have thought that the greatest homage was paid to Christianity by denouncing Heathenism in every phase and form. He has done service to Christianity by showing both the utter insufficiency of Heathenism, and also its struggle and appetency in its noblest forms for a higher life than its own. By so doing he has proved Christianity to have all the marks of a religion fitted for the world, and he has given effect to the views of Paul, in those passages where he speaks of the Gentiles being a law to themselves, and of their poets calling them the offspring of God.

Neander represents Judaism as a preparatory dispensation, invested with a particular and not a universal form, and yet vitally different from Heathenism, inasmuch as it exhibits the character of God, as the God of holiness and mercy, for the objective ground of faith. In tracing its historical tendencies, he sets forth its *three* great types, as seen in the sects of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes. The first were characterized by outward religion as opposed to the religion of the heart; the second by a cold and negative faith, utterly void of living power, and closely akin to materialism; the third by a spirit of ascetic contemplation, in union with a retired and devout life. This is one of many generalizations in Neander's writings, where

he discovers, in these early times, the workings of those common principles and tendencies which the history of each age has developed anew, and which show man's religious nature to be ever fundamentally the same.

It is impossible not to be struck with the accordance between these views and the personal history of Neander. We stated that he had been brought up as a Jew, that he had imbibed the spirit of the Platonic philosophy, and that, afterwards, by a gradual course, he had been led to embrace Christianity. He was fitted to describe these forms of life, because they formed part of his own personal experience. When he speaks of the prevailing worldliness of the Jewish mind, he alludes to what was probably the first cause of his offence at Judaism. When again he shows how the lofty visions of Platonism rose above the grosser forms of heathen thought, and indirectly prepared the soul for receiving the message of Messiah, he is but recording in the case of others what was literally true of himself. When, last of all, he proves that Judaism on its spiritual side was so closely akin to Christianity, as in the cases of Paul and Nathaniel and Nicodemus, he unconsciously draws his own picture, as the Jew who finally submitted his soul to the teaching of the Cross. We see his spiritual history best portrayed in his exposition of the union of the Jewish and Greek elements in the Alexandrian school. There is an apartment in one of the picture-galleries of Italy, which contains exclusively portraits of the great masters painted by themselves. The idea of making such a collection is a singular and happy one, and the collection itself is wonderfully complete. So is it often in the world of literature, where men draw portraits of themselves, not on actual canvas, as in the Florence Gallery, but in the subjects on which they write, and the pictures they draw of others. An example of this self-representation we find in Neander's account of the school of Philo, where he says that "the spiritual tendency of the religious nature was fitted in this case to give men a greater receptivity for Christianity. It revealed itself as the *gnosis*, which first sought rightly to interpret the spirit of the Old Testament. Christianity showed that that golden age which the Alexandrian Jews expected, was already revealed, and had come into actual manifestation. In these respects, the religious tendency of thought in the Alexandrian school might really become the spirit of transition to and agreement with Christianity."

Such were the two great systems in the world's history which prepared it for the reception of Christianity and for the growth of the greatest and holiest of all earthly institutions, the Church of Christ. All questions connected with the Church resolve themselves into two—(1.) the mutual relation subsisting between Christ and the members of the Church; and, (2.) the relation between the members of the Church themselves. These two questions suggest the two fundamental laws of the Church. The one of these is its obedience to Christ; the other the spiritual equality of its members. Let us notice these separately, according to the views contained in many scattered portions of Neander's writings.

First, the great law of the Church's existence is its subjection to Christ. Its character in its collective and organized capacity must be determined by the relation in which its individual members stand to Christ as the dispenser of their spiritual life. In the Church there is the embodiment of all those spir-

itual influences which have in every age emanated from Christ to all believers. Hence, the accordance between the position occupied by the Church and that first occupied by Himself as its Founder and Head. For as Christ was infinitely exalted, by His sublime and holy personality, above the characters of individual men, so must His Church be exalted above all the social organizations of the earth; and as Christ was thereby fitted to exercise His holy influence over all, and to pervade men of all classes by His Spirit, so is it the design of the Church spiritually to pervade all the forms of social life, to sanctify them by its holiness, and to liken them to itself. The same principle applies to the whole as to its separate parts; and as every believer who receives the gift of spiritual life from Christ becomes thereby subject to His law and to the guidance of His Spirit, so the Church in its corporate capacity acknowledges Him as the source of its blessings and the framer of its laws. From these positive principles the negative conclusion follows, that the Church has nothing in common with earthly kingdoms. It is not a political society—a state. It is a purely spiritual society, with spiritual means and ends; and it is only by differing from all worldly societies that it can influence them for good. Hence the Scripture motto which Neander prefixes to the first volume of his history, and on which every chapter of it is a commentary—"My kingdom is not of this world." There is a fundamental distinction between Christ's kingdom and all the kingdoms in the heathen world, in this, that they were established for temporal ends; and it differs also from the theocratic economy of Judaism, because it has nothing of its political appendages, its sensuous ritual, and its apparatus of particular customs and laws.

The second great law of the Church is the spiritual equality of its members. This is the law of their mutual relationship, as fellow-Christians. The first of these laws determines the latter, because any individual preëminence is incompatible with Christ's supremacy. Where there is this authority of Christ over all, there must be the common subjection of all to Christ. This equality proceeds on the relation in which the members of the Church stand to Christ as their Saviour. The laws which bind the planets together depend on the great law which binds them severally to the sun; and the law which binds children together depends on the common relationship which they bear to their father. Whatever establishes a spiritual difference among the members of Christ's Church, is fatal to this original relation between Christ and them.

These are the two general principles on which, according to Neander, the Church rests: In applying them to its actual development, he maintains that it was no part of Christ's purpose to lay down a fixed and definite plan, according to which it was to be once for all organized, and which was to be rigidly adhered to in all subsequent times. Christ's work was chiefly confined to the manifestation, by word and deed, of those great principles out of which the structure of the Church should gradually arise. His relation to it was seen negatively in the abolition of everything that gave to it the aspect either of a particular economy, or of a hierarchical priesthood, as among the Jews. As to the positive side, he left it to the free agency of the spirit of Christianity in men's souls to determine its special organization under all varying circumstances and at all different times. Christ did not formally estab-

lish the full scheme of a Church; but he made known the universal principle applicable to its existence and activity on the earth. In maintaining this original equality among Christians, Neander lays great emphasis on the diversity of Christian gifts in different members of the Church. This circumstance principally determined its outward organization and progress. While Neander holds the incompatibility of a special priestly class with the original spiritual equality designed by Christ, he holds as strongly the necessity of reciprocal helpfulness among the members of the Church themselves. These gifts are the *organs* of which Christ makes use in the edification of his Church, according to those varieties of human nature in which there is still seen the higher unity of the same divine life. Hence Paul's comparison of the members of the Church to the different members of the body, and hence the meaning of these gifts in the miracles of Pentecost, as applicable to the Church at all times. According to Neander, the special circumstances which determine the organization of the Church may thus be stated to be these three—1st, the free development of this spiritual life flowing from Christ and dependent on him; 2dly, the possession of different Christian gifts, according to the representations of Paul; and, 3dly, the influence of outward circumstances as giving a special direction to the form of the Church.

Such is an outline of Neander's general theory of the Church. The leading feature of his whole system is the eminently spiritual view which he gives of the Kingdom of Christ. This is shown in the close union he ever seeks to establish between the Church and Christ, and in the undivided supremacy which he gives to its Divine Head. Everywhere Neander recognizes the Church as the institute of spiritual Christianity, and does homage to it in this particular. Its organization is in his eyes a secondary matter. He values it for exhibiting that spiritual life which Christ gives to His disciples, and by which He unites them, by many unseen ties, as a holy community under his law. All these representations of its spirituality betoken the depth of his own personal Christianity. Its existence in a world of sin, and the historical display of its holy power, is in his hand the golden thread which runs through the dark-colored web of the world's history. He trembles for the ark when it falls into the hands of worldly men. How many examples do his writings reveal of the divine influence of the Church, when it remained true to its original spirituality, and how many more of its corruption and decay when it became a mere appendage to political society, and its holy character was lost under the thralldom of Byzantine power!

The anti-Judaic character of Neander's scheme of the Church must also be noted. This appears most prominently in a depreciation of outward form, which shows the violence of his reaction against Judaism. When such a change takes place, it is far less common to observe entire deliverance from every vestige of a former system, than to detect the continuance of some previous habits of thought and action. We are told that when the primeval forests of America are set on fire, and burned down, there rises up a new vegetation, quite distinct from that which preceded it; and so in some measure has it been with a nature like Neander's. His phraseology, his ideas, his principles, bear no trace whatever of a Jewish origin, if, indeed, the very violence of the reaction be not the best proof that he was a Jew. This has told for good, by leading him always to exalt spirit above form, the inward princi-



ple above the outward manifestation, the religion of the heart above ceremonial worship. It has sometimes told for evil, by making him often confound spiritual Judaism with formal Pharisaism.

A third element in Neander's Church-system, we need hardly say, is its eminently Protestant character. We use this phrase now in its broadest sense, to distinguish his opinions from every form of the Romanist scheme, whether more or less perfectly developed. Rome and Oxford stand here on the one side, Berlin and all Protestant Germany on the other. The one system starts from the idea of the Church, and descends from it to that of individual Christianity; the other starts from this individuality, and then ascends to the conception of the corporate institution or the Church. In the one scheme the Church forms and creates Christian life; in the other, the Church is the expression and the product of this life. The one regards the Church as the parent of Christianity, the other regards Christianity as, under Christ, the parent of the Church. Neander's general opinions lead him to reprobate the whole system of the Romish Church, as opposed to the spiritual equality of believers. Its exaltation of a priestly caste implies the confusion between Old and New Testament ideas. Its substitution of outward union for inward unity is a practical denial of the difference between the visible and invisible Church. Thus he vigorously resists that monarchical system which was introduced by Cyprian, and developed by Gregory the Great.

From the historical investigations of men like Neander Britain has much to learn. In England the study of primitive times has been almost exclusively confined to men who, though within the pale of Protestantism, have abjured the Protestant theory of the Church; and the literature of Scotland has few works in ecclesiastical history that treat of times more remote than the period of the Reformation. Germany has far outstripped the ecclesiastical learning of England, while in the theory of the Church, at least, it has remained true to its hereditary Protestantism, with the exception of an extreme party among the Lutherans, who seek to invest the Church with a sacerdotal character which Luther never sanctioned. In this spirit German historians have deeply studied the constitution and development of the early church, and have triumphantly shown that it gives no countenance to Romanism. What Britain now needs is a like learning, characterized by the ascendancy of a like Protestant element; and it would be the relinquishment of a substantial good, if with its jealousy of much that popularly goes under the name of German theology, it were to refuse the results of these investigations, when they bear so closely on the defence of our common faith. A better knowledge of these principles would be the best antidote to that spirit of mysterious awe with which Romanists invest these primitive times. It would disarm men's minds of the spell of this ecclesiastical fiction, and prove, moreover, that though Protestantism got its name at the Reformation, its principles are old as Christianity, and are instinct with its apostolic and ancient strength. England derived her Reformation from Germany at first, and may now learn much from Germany as to the true historical meaning of primitive Christianity.

III. We now descend from the general to the particular, in the form of a few notices of Neander's representation of the Christian life, as exhibited in the different members of the Church. This opens the wide field on which he manifests the spirit of

his truly Catholic Christianity. The principles unfolded in his account of the character of Christ, and of the constitution of the Church, he applies to the Christian life of individual believers. As the Divine Head did not circumscribe the Church by the limit of fixed and unalterable rules, but left it to assume different forms in outward organization, so also the Christian character and life has not one type and form, but many, according to the varieties of individual human nature. These idiosyncrasies, when brought under the influence of Christianity, not only prove the higher unity of Christ's character as the source of all Christian life, but also serve for the wider display of its sanctifying and transforming power as a religion adapted to the whole race. Neander's whole views on this matter are summed up in the title of one of his smaller treatises—"Das eine und mannigfaltige des Christlichen Lebens." Just as a physical philosopher—his illustrious fellow-citizen, Humboldt—has represented the different aspects of nature in all lands, and shown in all the working of the same material laws, and as his unparalleled knowledge of the globe has enabled him to trace the unity throughout this magnificent panorama; so is it with Neander in his details of the endlessly varied Life of the Church. We may truly say that his field is the world. In these varieties of the Christian life, he has ample scope for applying his favorite doctrine of diversity of gifts, and for showing how Christ has made use of the most different instruments for advancing his cause and kingdom. He has never scrupled to turn aside from the highway of philosophical history to the bypaths of private or social life, that he might exhibit the power and preciousness of living Christianity. Indeed, this was the very aim of his whole History from the first. Hence, in the first sentences of the Preface, he declares it "to have been from an early period the chief end of his life and studies to represent the history of the Church as an eloquent proof of the divine power of Christianity—as a school of Christian experience—as a voice sounding throughout all centuries—of edification—of instruction and warning to all who are willing to hear." He says also, in the Preface to the third section of the second volume, and in reply to unfriendly criticism on this very point, that he will never recognize a distinction between the aim of Church history to edify and its aim to instruct. Such was Neander's design; and that he has fulfilled it will be evident to all who can appreciate the spirit of Christian sympathy and love which breathes throughout his works.

It is in this spirit that in his Life of Jesus he points out the different classes of men with whom Christ came in contact, and the manner in which he applied his truth to their different spiritual conditions. He shows in his Apostolic History the corresponding differences between Paul, and James, and John, in their characters, and lives, and teaching, and finds in all the groundwork of a common faith and holiness. He shows in his General History the presence of this all-pervading Christianity in men like Augustin and Chrysostom, with all the marked differences in their personal history, and in their representations of divine truth. In his Monography of St. Bernard, he discovers the same Christian truth and life, during those medieval times when true Christianity well-nigh disappeared amidst the corruptions of the Church of Rome. His studies confined him principally to the earlier centuries. In his miscellaneous writing, however, he has given portraits of modern Christians, such

as Pascal, Chillingworth, Baxter, Oberlin, Wilberforce, and Arnold, and in all he has shown the unity of the Christian life. And in passing we may note certain points of resemblance between the last of these men and Neander himself. They were at one in leading a life of fellowship with Christ, and of holy self-devotion to his cause, in their common love for history and pursuit of it as a leading study; and in their theological systems, which exalt the sanctifying tendency of Christianity, and stand somewhat loose to the dogmatic precision of the Reformation.

Neander's great merit in this department lies in giving prominence to the idea of the *Universal Church*. With unwearied steadfastness and labor, he has set himself to bring to light the practical results of Christianity on the earth. Perhaps nothing is better fitted to give a true stamp of catholicity to the Church than the study of the past in Neander's spirit, and the consequent acquaintance with the different forms of Christian character, thought, and action. We are thus raised up above the jarrings and heats of present controversy, and in the manifold beauty and power of this Christian life, we learn the lesson of that charity which hopeth all things, and yet rejoiceth only in the truth. And surely at a time when Protestantism has openly mourned over its many rents and wounds, and when Romanism is reasserting the double claim of its unity and universality together, there is much need for Christ's true Church hearing "this voice of instruction sounding through all centuries." As the isothermal lines often follow an irregular course on the map, and traverse different latitudes of land and sea, so in like manner may the same vital Christianity be found under many diversities of individual character, national custom, and ecclesiastical order. This at least was true of Neander; for the sympathy he has shown in dealing with the past, he showed also in the interest he felt in the Christian movements of his own day. His favorite delineations of primitive Christianity, in the freshness of its love and fervor of its zeal, are in accordance with the spirit in which he used to speak of the labors of the missionary field, with its thousand proofs of the influence of the Gospel; or of such efforts as are made in Britain and Germany to rally the forces of Protestantism, and to demonstrate by brotherly love the unity of the faith.

IV. We proceed, finally, to consider Neander's position as a theologian or scientific expositor of Christian truth. It is fitting that this should be done last, because his whole tendency is to represent Christian science as the product and exponent of the Christian life, or rather of Christianity as an historical manifestation. We are now better prepared for this view than at an earlier stage in our dissertation.

In the strict sense of the word, Neander is not a theologian. He does not rank with men like Nitzsch or Müller, whose special field is dogmatic theology; and he is certainly inferior to both in dialectical power. From the character of his mind, as well as from the whole scope of his studies, Neander dealt less with the abstract ideas of theology than with concrete spiritual principles; and with these, chiefly as they have developed themselves on the field of ecclesiastical history. His true position is not among the theologians, but among the historians of theology. But if he is less qualified than others of his contemporaries accurately to expound theology as a science, he far excels them all in his power of determining the

spiritual tendencies of theological systems. In his hands, the study of the history of doctrines in the Church has been elevated to the rank of a science, and figures as one of the chief divisions in the *Theological Encyclopædia*. He used often to speak of *Eregesis* and *Dogmen-Geschichte* as the two handmaids of theology. Here he has had full scope for the exercise of his learning and of his powers of generalization. He has, besides, succeeded in giving a real and vital interest to these investigations—threading his way with ease where others have been lost in a labyrinth of confusion, (as in the detail of the forms of the Gnostic heresy,) grouping miscellaneous facts under general heads, and often, in the spirit of Cuvier with his fossil osteology, reconstructing from a few irregular and ill-assorted particulars the full proportions and details of an obsolete system. Neander, as we have already seen, contemplated the Christian life as manifested in various forms. We must notice that he attributes a like variety to Christian doctrine and thought. Indeed, it is with him a fundamental idea to apply the same principles to both. As the Christian life might assume these forms according to the individuality of each believer, Christian doctrine might also assume many different corresponding forms. It was, he maintains, no part of Christ's intention to confine the Christian life to one fixed and stereotyped rule, nor to confine Christian intelligence and thought to one fixed formula of religious doctrine. In both provinces of action and thought alike our Lord asserted and established, by word and deed, the seminal principles out of which Christian life and doctrine were gradually to emerge, according to the law of historical development. These forms of representation, he holds, reciprocally explain and supplement each other; while they also prove the power of Christianity to influence the various tendencies of man's nature, and to make these serve the purpose of advancing among all men the work of Christ's kingdom.

As a chief feature of all Neander's expositions of historical theology, his sympathy with every system in which he found essential Christianity preserved must be noticed. He is a peacemaker in theology. He even maintains a kind of historical necessity for these different phases of Christian doctrine, believing that this process of development, when once begun, must advance, and that from these tendencies of different systems the harmonious representation of Christianity in its highest unity was to be gathered. To scientific theology, he applies the same general principles which we have referred to as pervading other parts of his system. We have seen that he underrates the value of outward institutions in the organic framework of the Church. In like manner he has little favor for Confessions of Faith as the symbolical embodiment of the Church's creed. What he most approves of is something in analogy with the apostles' creed, which deals chiefly with the great historical facts on which Christianity rests, and which the whole Church avows. He has as great a jealousy of formalism in Christian doctrine as in Christian life, and he everywhere asserts the principle of freedom as a chief part of the Christian scheme. This he has sometimes carried to an extravagant length. The two most prominent examples which he gives of these different tendencies in theology, occur in the exposition of the teaching of the Apostles, and of the Eastern and Western Churches in the post-apostolic age. The three representatives of apostolic theol-

ogy are Paul, James, John. Paul represents the most marked opposition between Judaism and Christianity, and the entire deliverance from the Judaic spirit, in union with the power of systematic and dialectical development. James represents in his theology the more gradual transition from Judaism to Christianity. John is the representative in Christian science of the intuitive element embodying itself in the spirit of divine contemplation. Peter occupied an intermediate place between Paul and James. These are the different forms of the apostolical teaching; and, as there was then this variety of theological representation, so he maintains that it has been and must be in every subsequent age. Hence the frequent use which he makes of the difference between the doctrinal phraseology of the Western and Eastern Churches, as exhibited, the one in Augustin, the other in Chrysostom. The tendency of theology in the West was to start from the position of man as a sinner, and his need of divine grace, while in the East theology started from the view of Christianity as giving a higher divine creation to man. The one gave greater prominence to the doctrine of man's sin, and allied itself to the teaching of Paul; the other gave prominence to the doctrine of God's love, and allied itself most closely to the school of John.

Neander loves to apply his favorite principle of unity in variety to the condition of the Church, with its manifold opinions, in our own times. If there are found in the primitive times different types of theological truth, it is equally true that then too were developed the different types of error which have only reproduced themselves in after ages. To give one example of this; Germany has had successively to encounter two different forms of Rationalism already referred to, the one that of Semler and Paulus, and the other that of Hegel and Strauss. Neander has in many places shown that these were the two great heresies of the early Church, represented respectively by the Ebionites, with their gross and unspiritual conceptions of Christianity, and by the Gnostics, with their spiritual allegorizing and mythical idealism. So truly does one age revive in a new form errors which prevailed many centuries ago, and with all the restless activity of man's spirit, it still holds good that there is nothing new under the sun. The history of heresies in the Christian Church seems to follow that circular course which recent science has proved to mark the tracks of tempests in the material world.

Neander's theological system bears all the marks of a great transition period. He lived and died in the full hope of a new epoch in the Church, when it shall renew its youth, and reassert the power of its spiritual principles as in the brightest times of its history. His system reminds us less of those geological formations which have been calmly deposited from the waters of a former world, than of those which have been upheaved by eruptions from below, and which bear on them the indurating and convulsive marks of fire. In comparing him with the men who preceded him, we perceive that theologically he is far in advance of them. Semler, Schleiermacher, and Neander, are the types of three distinct epochs in German Theology. Semler's system is that of Rationalistic Deism. Schleiermacher's is that of Christianity in some degree vitiated by false philosophy. Neander exhibits Christianity on the whole in the true spirit of faith, and in a clearer development and scientific harmony

of its doctrines. Though theologically in advance of Schleiermacher, Neander always paid him a most reverent homage, as that great teacher who had breathed a new spirit into the Church, and given an impress to modern theology which it still strongly bears. Neander is not, moreover, a copyist of the past. In him we observe the union of two different tendencies—the one applying to the past—the other to the future. His historical studies had familiarized him with past theological systems, and yet, instead of seeking to revive one or any of these, he was accustomed to regard it as the purpose of his theology to exhibit, in a new form, the fundamental truths of the faith, adapted to the science and Christian consciousness of the age. He believed it impossible to revive unchanged the systems of previous centuries, and he sought a new development of theology more in keeping with the present state and necessities of the Church. In the last year of his life he was engaged with Nitzsch and Müller in editing a Journal which may be regarded as the true representative of this school of German Theology. It is entitled, "Die Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben." The first number appeared in January, 1850. We extract a few words from the preface, in illustration of the preceding sentences. After stating the need for opposing the destructive tendency of Rationalism and Pantheism, and uniting all evangelical Christians, he adds, "We acknowledge that tendency in Theology as the only conservative one which is at the same time according to its special law, freely progressive. We are persuaded that it is not the problem of our age to revive and call back into artificial life an old form of Church constitution or of theology, but to labor in order that something new may be formed for the future, resting on the one unchangeable foundation, and having the power of that divine word which is ever renewing its youth in perpetual freshness. Although among those who are united in this work different relationships are maintained to Schleiermacher, the great teacher of the reviving German Church, they are yet unanimous in the conviction that the further development of our theology must attach itself to him, and that the mighty impulse given by him must long continue to influence the Christian philosophy of Protestant Germany." It is no less strange than true, that opposite parties in Germany unite in revering the memory of Schleiermacher, and also in quoting his authority in support of their systems; just as it was said of Burke, that his writings were the armory out of which the two great political parties in the country obtained their weapons.

We can only, in conclusion, notice one or two of the more prominent features in Neander's Theology, more in the way of showing its tendency than of exhibiting its details. 1. In the comparison which Neander draws between Christianity and Judaism, he maintains the existence of a specific and vital difference between the two economies; instead of regarding them as two economies illustrative of one and the same scheme, and marked alike by the same spiritual principles. Neander is apt to exalt the New Testament at the expense of the Old, partly from the reaction against his early Judaism, and partly from the tendencies of the later German theology since Schleiermacher to place in opposition the *law* of the one against the *love* of the other. It is certainly one of the greatest desiderata in the theology of this school, that it should learn to appreciate more accurately the spiritual religion

of the Old Testament, both in its display of grace on the part of God, and faith on the part of man. There is, and there can be, but one method of acceptance under every economy, whether more or less advanced; and the difference can only be of a formal, and not of a material kind. 2. Neander's view of sin is eminently practical. Few men have realized more profoundly than he the fact of spiritual separation between man and God. It is at this point that he is fundamentally at issue with Schleiermacher and Hegel, who both represent sin as the necessary transition to moral freedom, and thereby deny in substance its moral guilt, as the self-willed departure of the creature from God, and opposition to him. Neander does not enter much into the question of the transmission of sin. He argues, on the one hand, from the actual existence of sin now, to its origin in the initial moral history of the race; and, on the other hand, assuming this initial fact, he explains its transmission from the ordinary law of historical development. Sin came into being from the inexplicable caprice of self-will; but when once in being, it continues to operate as a new factor in human history. In this sense, he rejects the Augustinian hypothesis of federal transmission, as assuming a principle utterly at variance with the data of Christian consciousness. This example illustrates the influence of Neander's historical principles on his theology. Whatever may be said of Augustin's theory, certain it is that Neander has not removed the moral difficulty attaching to the whole subject of transmitted sin and guilt; for the question still remains, why does God place man under the influence of such historical laws as practically entail on him the fatal and inborn tendency to sin? That he has done so, is indeed historically true; yet why is this the law of history? Why is the world so framed as that this tendency to sin should be transmitted from age to age? The fact is admitted, but on Neander's theory, as well as on that of Augustin, it behoves to be explained. 3. Neander's view of the atonement corresponds, in its leading principles, with his view of sin. As sin was a great historical fact in the world, it needed a counterpart fact in history to restore man's fallen nature, and to bring it again into harmony with God. Müller states in the preface to his work on Sin, that it was when he sat at the feet of Neander his master, that he became practically convinced that the whole of Christianity consists in this relation between sin and the atonement. Neander dwells more on the atonement in its subjective than in its objective side. He sees in it the display of God's love—tending to change man's heart and direct it anew, rather than a homage to God's immutable law. In many parts of his exposition of the Pauline theology, it is hard to see where he draws the line between justification and sanctification. Here, as in the former case of sin, he delights to present the matter in its historical aspect, and to speak of the whole life and work of Christ as the source of a new spiritual influence in the world. He underrates the legal element in the atonement, partly from the constitution of his religious nature, which predisposed him, as in the case of Chrysostom, whom he so much revered and resembled, to meditate on God's love; and partly from the tendency of his school to oppose the theology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the prominence which it gives to the legal necessity for the sufferings of the Divine Saviour.

The preceding record, rather than criticism, of the literary life and labors of Neander, may be

considered with a deeper interest, from the circumstance that his influence on the religious opinions of Great Britain is every year becoming more marked, and is one of the most considerable of the foreign influences which are now working in this country. There is, perhaps, no German whose ideas admit of being more readily transplanted into the soil of the English mind. The reason of this is, that he deals so much with the practical realities of Christianity. He is, moreover, in a great measure free from that element of mysticism which makes much of German literature distasteful to the English nation, or at least confines the interest in it to a few. If it be the case that the problems of modern Germany must soon be met and canvassed in this country, one necessary preliminary is an intelligent comprehension by us of the leading systems which have indented themselves so deeply on the churches and schools of the continent. We rejoice, on the whole, at the growing ascendancy in Britain of Neander's fresh, genial, and reinvigorating spirit. It cannot fail to give new fervor and freshness to our religious life and doctrinal systems, that we should become conversant with specimens of the revived Christianity of a people who, after being dissevered from the Apostolic faith by the prevalence of Rationalism, are slowly but surely returning to it. The struggles through which such men have passed enhance the value of their labors. Instead of frowning on them because they do not reach the level of our hereditary orthodoxy, we should rather regard them as champions of Christian truth, in, perhaps, its fiercest struggle since the days of the Apostles. It deserves, moreover, to be noticed, that while in Germany the prevalence of opinions like Neander's is an indication of a return towards the principles of the Reformation, their prevalence in this country, among some classes of persons, seems to betoken a departure from that standard, and a tendency towards a theology of a less definite kind. Those who are Neander's followers in Germany are generally men whose religious faith is becoming clearer and its articles more numerous. In Britain, some are apt to make his spirit and opinions a medium of transition from our doctrinal theology to a mystic rationalism. A system which in Germany is a symptom of opinion moving in one direction, may, in this island, be the symptom of a current moving in an opposite direction.

In closing this article, we are reminded of the great guides of action and opinion who have been recently taken from the churches of Switzerland, Scotland, and Germany. Vinet, Chalmers, and Neander, form an illustrious group of theologians, differing in the variety of their natural gifts, yet believing in the one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and in their several spheres eminent promoters of the Christian cause. The first that was taken away was Vinet of Lausanne, who, to a gentle nature and most Christian spirit, added powers and acquirements of the first order, and who has done so much to assert for the truth of Christianity a scientific claim, and a spiritual authority. His personal friends all speak of the keen analysis of his perceptions, the calm philosophy and calmer faith which pervaded his reasonings and illustration, and the noble qualities of heart and soul which made them love him while they honored him. Vinet's spirit was tranquil and full of beauty, like the lake on whose shores he lived and died; and he often showed that he could ascend from the graces of the Christian life to the lofty speculations of Christian science, as the shores of Lake Leman stretch upward



into the majestic elevation of the Alps. Then came the death of Chalmers, causing a void not soon to be filled in Scotland. He died, without warning, in the midst of an old age as active as his manhood, and when, to the native vigor of his mind, there was superadded the mellowness of Christian grace and faith as life declined. Seldom has more signal homage been paid to character or worth than on the day when the General Assembly of his Church, and a multitude of his countrymen, followed him to the grave. We refer to this, because the likeliest thing we know to the funeral of Chalmers has been the funeral of Neander. In both solemnities there was something of the same moral character, because in both there was the same tribute of homage to moral worth and greatness. It was neither the mere eloquence and philanthropy of the one, nor was it the colossal learning of the other, that gave this moral grandeur to a funeral ceremony. It was because, in both cases, the powers of the departed were dedicated to the service of God and man. Men gave utterance at their graves to the silent reverence that had been growing and gathering strength while their labors multiplied, and their lives were spared. In both cases, the heart of a nation was struck, and Christendom bowed before the rod. Nor are there wanting several distinct points of agreement in their lives as at their deaths. We may point alike to the cases of Chalmers and Neander as instances of the power of a common Christianity. However different might be their starting-points, they yet agree in the desire they felt, at the crisis of their lives, for spiritual deliverance, in their common testimony as to the quarter whence deliverance came, and in their moral transformation by Christ and His love. They agree also in the impulse which they have given to Christian thought and action in their respective lands. The gifts of Neander fitted him for his work in a land of pre-eminent thought and learning. Those of Chalmers were adapted to the necessities of a land of social enterprise and political movement. Neander did his work by representing for our study and example the Church of the past—the Church of apostles and martyrs and early saints. Chalmers accomplished his by seeking, like a great master-builder, to raise up the structure of the Church in his own times. The lives and labors of both must now materially influence the Church of the future at home and abroad. In these two men we see the types of the two phases of spiritual character which have often repeated themselves in the world—represented in the apostolic age by Paul and John, in the early Church by Augustin and Chrysostom, and in the time of the Reformation by Luther and Melancthon.

## FRENCH COMMUNISM.

Correspondent of the Britannia.

I AM assured, by a gentleman who has the means of knowing, that Communist principles, in their most hideous and abominable form—perfect community of goods, even perfect community of women—have gained a firm hold of the majority of the workmen of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and are spreading every day. My informant adds, that in all the large towns the same is the case; and he even states, that among the peasantry of many departments Communism has lately got into great

favor, because they are told that it will lead to the distribution among them of the possessions of the rich. Eighteen months and a year ago, the great dread of the respectable classes of society was of *Socialist* opinions; but what are they, compared to Communism? In one sense, Socialism is a very good thing—or, to speak more correctly, there is a sort of what it is the fashion to call Socialism, to which no reasonable man can object—and that is, the removal of the many very oppressive burdens and unjust restrictions which weigh on the working population of France, the like of which do not exist, and never did exist, in England; also, the extension, as far as possible, of the means of finding employment. Of *such* Socialism, every intelligent man, in fact, is a partisan; and the legitimist party, in particular, has demanded it over and over again. Indeed, one may say that the conservative party in England is at this moment endeavoring to obtain *this* sort of good Socialism, inasmuch as it is sincere regard for the true interests of the working class, and especially of the agricultural population, which causes it to combat the ruinous policy of free-trade. But between this meek Socialism and the abomination of Communism there is an abyss. And yet, I repeat, the working classes of Paris are now Communists—are now no longer willing to be content with a few just and necessary reforms, but are bent on stripping the rich of all they have, and reducing every man to the same lodging, the same clothing, the same food; crowning all this by the abolition of marriage! There is something so horrible in the idea of the masses in a great country being infected with such atrocious sentiments, that one would fain hope that it is untrue; but, alas! there is no reason to doubt. As one proof of it, I have procured copies of the songs which the workmen are accustomed to sing, and the books and pamphlets they read, and I assure you they are all full of the maddest and vilest Communism. It would disgust your readers to go in detail into these horrid publications, and it is only by so doing that a fair idea can be formed of their monstrous iniquity. But I will venture to quote a few lines from one of the *mildest* songs, avoiding, however, as too indecent, all that refers to the *non-married* state:—

Hé quoi ! la vie est donc une torture ?  
Sommes-nous nés dans un vallon de pleures !  
Non : mais le bien veut l'*égalité pure* ;  
Le privilège a fait tous nos malheurs !  
Pour conquérir la céleste patrie,  
Pour nous asseoir au civique festin,  
Foulons aux pieds le serpent de l'envie,  
Brisons nos fers en nous serrant la main.

De l'univers l'admirable structure,  
Telle est ta loi, divine *égalité* ?  
Tout est soumis à ta sainte nature,  
Tout est par toi parfaite liberté ;  
Plus de tyrans ; plus de guerre cruelle ;  
Nulle n'est proscrite. A ton banquet divin  
Chacun portant la santé fraternelle ;  
Boira sa soif et mangera sa faim.

Mais quoi ! déjà le sophiste en colere  
Vient m'accuser d'un appetit brutal ;  
Rassurons-le : dans notre *phalanstere*,  
Le corps, l'*esprit*, auront un droit égal.  
L'erreur vaincue, oh ! libre de contrainte,  
Chacun pourra, maitre de son destin,  
Suivant son gré, dans notre cite sainte,  
Jouir à jamais du bonheur souverain ?

## PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MR. DICKENS, in his "Household Words," gives the following curious details of the origin and adoption of Mr. Paxton's plan. After referring to Mr. Paxton's previous scientific labors, and to his sudden determination to offer a plan to the commissioners, although another plan had been adopted by the Building Committee, he then proceeds:—

Tuesday morning, the 18th of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated—as chairman of the works and ways committee of the Midland Railway—to try an offending pointman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and upon it, before the chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him, saying,

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. This," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the great industrial building to be erected in Hyde Park."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting, and the royal commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered a carriage. Here, to his extreme delight, he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the royal commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled. "There they are," said the important architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great building for 1851."

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend, with the serio-comic surprise of incredulity.

"I am serious."

"But you are too late; the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well, just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Neither will I disturb you, for I must light a cigar;" and, in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the royal commissioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on

his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with mere business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered, no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but, presently, they grew fainter and more intermittent, and, by-and-by, the cigar went out; yet the suction was continued as vigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes, puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished. At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—

"Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth! a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the royal commission?"

"I will."

The value of this promise, and of the favorable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany its performance, will be best understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy page in English history. It was Saturday, the 29th of June. The royal commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the board was over, the prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay-windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. He was, in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr. Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the prince. He delegated that office, however, to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the secretaries of the commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the prince signified his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity; remarking with pleasure, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the building committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comedies) is "never sought in vain;" namely, to the British public! This he did by the aid of the wood cuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News." Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme, convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile, the projector of the building waited on the projector of the entire exhibition, Prince

Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed need not be divulged; but the encouragement vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the building committee for his design. He therefore went straight to Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the building committee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for raising their edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Messrs. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all other plans, the plan—the supreme desideratum—they tendered for it as an “improvement” on the committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be *dies mirabilis* the third, for it was the identical Saturday on which the Sunday postal question had reached its crisis; and there was to be no delivery next day! But in a country of electric telegraphs, and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated, and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connection with the great edifice, that, by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's office, in Spring-gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; but, within a week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days! Two parties in London, relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters, glass-workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money; and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground with a building upwards of a third of a mile long, (1851 feet—the exact date of the year—) and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons,) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master passed his word, in like manner, to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length; thirty-four miles of guttering tube, to join every individual column together under the ground; two thousand, two hundred and twenty-four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron); besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready,

within the specified period, two hundred and five miles of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.\*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous loss, a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in their resources, and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless, it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Everything in the great building is a dividend or multiple of twenty-four. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof; hence, the intervening bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But after-checkings have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the building committee, by whom it was unanimously adopted.

In reference to the cheapness of this wonderful pile, we may state, also on the authority of Dickens' “Household Words,” that it is actually less costly than an agricultural barn, or an Irish cabin. A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it brings out the astonishing quotient of little more than one halfpenny (nine sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot—supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the exhibition is over; or, if it remains a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or twopence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures: The entire edifice contains 33 millions of cubic feet. If borrowed, and taken down, the sum to be paid is £79,800; if bought, to become a winter garden, £150,000.

From the New York Tribune.

*The History of the United States of America.* By RICHARD HILDRETH. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 704. Harper & Brothers.

WITH this volume, Mr. Hildreth commences a new series of American History, embracing the eventful period from the organization of the federal

\* The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specification.

government in 1789 to the close of Mr. Monroe's first Presidential term in 1821. The series is to be completed in three volumes; the first devoted to the administration of Washington, the second to that of John Adams and Jefferson, and the third, including the administration of Madison, will bring the history down to the end of the sixteenth Congress.

In executing this portion of his task, the historian is called on for the exercise of a higher order of faculties than has been required for his previous labors. The ground he has hitherto traversed was comparatively plain and easy of observation. The route was well ascertained—filled with conspicuous landmarks—clearly mapped out by the researches of former explorers—and involving no difficulties which had not often been made the subject of profound discussion, and placed in a satisfactory light by the repeated examinations and comparisons of different inquirers. With the new epoch of our political history, a new path is marked out for the historian. He has to trace the progress of federal legislation to its original source—to detect the seminal elements of parties in their earliest and faintest manifestations—to separate nicely between the cunning of partisans and the wisdom of statesmen—to bring out the permanent principles of national prosperity from the chaos of conflicting opinions—and to present an impartial estimate of measures and of men, that are too nearly connected with present interests to allow any but the calmest and most philosophic intellects to judge them without prejudice or passion.

We have no doubt that Mr. Hildreth has engaged in the discharge of his elevated trust with the sincerest intentions of holding the scales of historical justice with an even hand. His previous volumes assure us that he is proof against the blandishments of rhetoric. He will not sacrifice anything for the sake of picturesque effect. Nor is he in danger of being led away by his sympathies. He never yields to the magnetic enthusiasm which is excited in most persons by the contemplation of nobleness and sublimity of character. His clear, cold eye looks calmly on the play of human passions, while he describes the result with as much indifference as if the actors in the grand drama belonged to an order of beings, in whom it would be folly to cherish an interest. In the course of the present volume, however, he betrays more frequent signs of emotion and preference than he has heretofore exhibited. His impassive tranquillity is occasionally disturbed. We cannot mistake the decided leanings of his mind, in the pregnant political questions which convulsed the administration of Washington. His frank expression of his sympathies with the tenets of the federalists, and of his strong aversion to the policy of Jefferson, amounting at times to a feeling of undisguised and bitter hostility, does honor to his moral courage, while the violent partisan of the opposite views will doubtless make it an occasion for strenuous questioning of his faithfulness to history. This is a point which we have no wish to discuss at present. The course adopted by Mr. Hildreth will certainly add to the piquancy of his volume, and, to a great degree, redeem it from the charge of monotony and dullness which many readers have brought (without sufficient cause as we think) against his narrative of the Colonial and Revolutionary times.

The literary character of this volume, in other

respects, is certainly not inferior to that of the preceding portions of the history, and on some points indicates considerable improvement. As we have intimated, there is more humanity in the composition—there is also more variety—and more vivacity—the author now and then relieving the tedious details of legislation with specimens of accurate character-drawing, and occasionally indulging his readers with a touch of the chaste and nervous eloquence which he seems to command at will. It may be objected that he spins out the debates in Congress to an excessive length, when he might have given us the gist of the arguments on both sides in a few comprehensive generalizations. We should have been better satisfied with this ourselves. A compact analysis of the course of debate, retaining everything essential to a clear understanding of the principles at issue, and divested of all extraneous matter, would be more strictly within the province of the historian than the elaborate reports with which we are now furnished, and in our opinion would present a more intelligible view of the development of American legislation. The curious reader, who wishes to examine the subject more minutely, can easily resort to the original documents, although we are sorry to say he will find no clue to them in Mr. Hildreth's pages, who never condescends to refer to his authorities. We think this a signal defect in the previous volumes; but we perceive it is one which the author does not intend to remove.

Mr. Hildreth's style, for the most part, is strong, unaffected and lucid. He never aims at a display of fine writing. He does not give to his readers more than was bargained for in the outset, adding the fascination of taste to the satisfaction of the intellect. Hence his facts remain in the memory, while we forget the language in which they were presented. He does not delight the imagination with the liquid periods and melodious cadences which linger in our minds after the perusal of Washington Irving; nor does he startle us with those brief, darting, electric sentences which flash from the fiery sketches of Baneroft; nor lull us into a soft intellectual passiveness by the pellucid, mild, meandering stream of fluent prose, which is so seductive in the elegant narrative of Prescott. The power of Mr. Hildreth is derived from other sources. He is rugged, often harsh, sometimes exhibiting a dash of Mephistophelian cynicism, and easily betrayed into homely colloquial expressions, which a fastidious taste would instantly reject; he is no word-painter, has no eye for the æsthetic grouping of historical personages, and apparently no ear for the delicious harmonies of language; his taste in the coloring of style is unpardonably Quakerish, arraying everything in a uniform of drab. But he is so free from affectation, so evidently intent on getting at the truth and imparting it to his reader—there is such an air of downright honesty in his statements—combined with such a sturdy robustness of intellect—such clearness of intellect—such clearness of perception and acuteness of discrimination—that he inevitably wins your confidence, and awakens your interest in his narrative, and finally obtains a command over your mind, which, for those whose object in the perusal of history is the investigation of truth rather than the indulgence of an artistic taste, is not surpassed by many writers of more brilliant pretensions.

As an example of the neatness and simplicity which are usually found in Mr. Hildreth's descrip-



tions, we may quote a passage occurring in the commencement of the volume, relating the obstacles attendant on

#### THE FIRST MEETING OF THE FEDERAL CONGRESS.

The Continental Congress had been accommodated in the old City Hall of New York, situated on Wall street, opposite Broad street, the site now so magnificently occupied by the United States Custom-House. But this building had fallen greatly to decay; the city had no funds in hand with which to make repairs; the continental treasury was equally empty; and, had it been otherwise, no quorum of the states could be obtained competent to authorize the expenditure of money. Anxious for the due accommodation of the national legislature, and desirous to hold out to Congress every inducement to make New York its permanent seat, several wealthy citizens advanced on this emergency the sum of \$32,500. With these funds a remodeling and extensive repairs were at once commenced, and the renovated building, renamed "Federal Hall," was placed by the City Council at the disposal of the new Congress. The day appointed for that body to meet was ushered in by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, repeated at noon and at sunset; but, somewhat to the mortification of the more zealous federalists, only eight senators and thirteen representatives made their appearance—not enough to form a quorum of either house. Not having received any accession to their number, the senators present issued, a few days after, a pressing circular letter to their absent colleagues. At the end of another week a second circular was issued; but the month had almost expired before either house could muster a quorum. In the latter days of the confederation, sad habits had been introduced of negligence and delay in all that related to federal affairs. Want of punctuality was, indeed, far more excusable than now. As yet public conveyances were rare, indeed almost unknown. The Continental Congress had lately authorized the postmaster-general to contract for the transmission of the mail over the great route along the sea-coast by a line of stages, to carry passengers also; but this scheme, as yet, was very imperfectly carried out, and most of the members were obliged to make their way to New York slowly on horseback, or else by sea, at that time the usual and almost sole means of communication between New York and the extreme Southern States. At that early season of the year, the roads in many places, and especially the fords of the rivers, were apt to be rendered impassable by floods—a topic in which the New York newspapers found consolation for the tardiness of Congress in coming together. Add to this that, owing in some cases to the late day fixed for the election, in others to repeated failures of choice, a part of the representatives were not yet chosen. It accorded with this general system of tardiness, that Federal Hall, not yet completed, was still under the hands of the carpenters.

An able and interesting sketch of the debates on the first tariff is given by Mr. Hildreth, presenting some facts in the history of our early legislation, which may not be familiar to the younger class of readers. The house did not wait for the inauguration of the President before the subject was brought up. Within two days after counting the votes the question was stated by Madison, in the first committee of the whole into which the house had resolved itself. He suggested the adoption of a temporary system of imposts, based on that proposed by the Continental Congress, and which had been assented to by all the states except New York. With this view he introduced a resolution enumerating certain articles as subjects for specific duties, the amount being left blank; proposing an ad

valorem duty on other articles, and a tonnage duty on vessels. The tariff which grew out of this debate still lies at the foundation of our existing revenue system. The points which have been made so prominent in our more recent politics were fully developed in the discussions at that time, with the single exception that the idea was not broached of a want of power in the federal government to lay duties for protection.

Passing over the congressional debates for a period of two years, we come to the session of the second Congress in 1791, in the city of Philadelphia. A lively sketch is presented by Mr. Hildreth of several of its leading members.

#### MEMBERS OF THE SECOND CONGRESS.

Though the greater part of the retiring senators had been reelected, some changes had taken place in that body. Preferring to confine himself to his duties as President of Columbia College, Johnson had resigned, and his seat as senator from Connecticut was filled by the venerable Sherman. Another new member was George Cabot, of Massachusetts, since Bowdoin's recent death the most distinguished merchant of New England. Bred originally a ship-master, by sagacity in mercantile matters he had acquired an ample fortune, and being much more than a mere merchant, endowed with a vigorous and comprehensive understanding, at the same time a reader of books and an observer of men, few persons were better qualified for the difficult task of judicious legislation. Moses Robinson, once governor and repeatedly chief justice of Vermont, appeared as one of the senators for that new state; the other was Stephen W. Bradley, long a very active politician. But the most remarkable of the new senators was Aaron Burr, of New York, successor to General Schuyler. There was a majority of federalists in the New York Assembly sufficient to have secured the reelection of Schuyler; but the plain, downright, and not very ceremonious manners of the old general placed him at decided disadvantage when compared with the artful, affable, and fascinating Burr. In the late gubernatorial contest Burr had supported the anti-Clintonian candidate, and he doubtless succeeded in satisfying the federalists that he, as well as Schuyler, was on their side. Burr's grandfather was a German, who had settled originally in Fairfield, in Connecticut; his father, minister of Newark, in New Jersey, was the first President of Princeton College; his mother was a daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards. After graduating at Princeton at an early age, he had commenced the study of the law; but the war of the Revolution breaking out, he had joined the camp before Boston, and had followed Arnold in his expedition to Canada. Montgomery appointed him an aide-de-camp, and he stood at that general's side when he was killed in the assault on Quebec. He was afterwards an aide-de-camp to Putnam, in which capacity he served during the retreat from New York. Upon the organization of the permanent army he was so fortunate as to obtain the command of one of the New York battalions. Not thinking himself sufficiently noticed by Washington, who seems to have early penetrated his character, he conceived a bitter hostility against the commander-in-chief, and actively participated in the intrigue of Conway and Mifflin. He also sided with Lee in the difficulty growing out of the battle of Monmouth, in which engagement Burr bore a part. After two active campaigns he resigned his commission, and recommenced the study of the law, upon the practice of which he entered at New York shortly after its evacuation by the British. An act had been passed by the legislature just before the peace, and in anticipation of it, disqualifying from practice all attorneys and counsellors who could not produce satisfactory certificates of whig principles. This law remained in force

for three or four years, and it enabled Burr, Hamilton, and other young advocates to obtain a run of practice which otherwise they might not have reached so early. Hamilton was indeed a very able lawyer, but Burr, though regarded as his rival, seems to have trusted more to subtleties, finesse, and nice points of technicality, than to any enlarged application of more generous legal principles. He was soon elected to the State Legislature; but that post he did not long retain, having given offence to his constituents on some local question. Governor Clinton appointed him attorney-general, possibly with a view to conciliate a man whose political talent and influence were already distinguished. Clinton professed, indeed, not to be influenced in his appointments to office by personal or party considerations, to which profession he acted up with more consistency than is always displayed by those who make it. The election of Burr to the Senate of the United States was perhaps a counterbid from the federal side.

The political parties of the country had been greatly modified since the session of the First Congress. This change could not fail to show itself in the course of legislation. The federalists, from being mere supporters of the Federal Constitution, had become identified with the policy recommended by the secretary of the treasury. The anti-federalists, on the other hand, had renounced their objections to the constitution, and subsided, for the most part, into opponents of Hamilton and his financial system. This party, a minority in the House, and yet more so in the Senate, now found an advocate and a leader in the very bosom of the cabinet. He is introduced by Mr. Hildreth with the following elaborate portraiture.

Gifted by nature with a penetrating understanding, a lively fancy, and sensibilities quick and warm; endowed with powers of pleasing, joined to a desire to please, which made him, in the private circle, when surrounded by friends and admirers, one of the most agreeable of men; exceedingly anxious to make a figure, yet far more desirous of applause than of power; fond of hypothesis, inclined to dogmatize, little disposed to argument or controversy, impatient of opposition, seeing everything so highly colored by his feelings as to be quite incapable of candor or justice toward those who differed from him; adroit, supple, and, where he had an object to accomplish, understanding well how to flatter and how to captivate; led by the warmth of his feelings to lay himself open to his friends, but toward the world at large cautious and shy; cast, both as to intellect and temperament, in a mould rather feminine than masculine, Jefferson had returned from France, strengthened and confirmed by his residence and associations there in those theoretical ideas of liberty and equality to which he had given utterance in the Declaration of Independence.

Though himself separated from the mass of the people by elegance of manners, refined tastes, and especially by philosophical opinions on the subject of religion, in political affairs Jefferson was disposed to allow a controlling, indeed absolute, authority to the popular judgment. The many he thought to be always more honest and disinterested, and, in questions where the public interests were concerned, more wise than the few, who might always be suspected of having private purposes of their own to subserve. Hence he was ever ready to allow even his most cherished theoretical principles to drop into silence the moment he found them in conflict with the popular current. To sympathize with popular passions seemed to be his test of patriotism; to sail before the wind as a popular favorite, the great object of his ambition; and it was under the character of a condescending friend of the

people that he rose first to be the head of a party, and then the chief magistrate of the nation.

We have next a picture of Mr. Jefferson's great antagonists.

JOHN ADAMS.

The two men who stood most immediately and obviously in Jefferson's way were John Adams, the vice-president, and Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury; men in character, temperament, and opinions as different from him as they were from each other. By dint of untiring energy, seconded by great natural abilities, and an unextinguishable thirst for eminence which brooked no superior and hardly an equal, Adams had risen from the condition of a country lawyer, the son of a poor farmer and mechanic, through various grades of public service, to the eminence which he now held. Nor did his aspirations stop short of the highest distinction in the power of the nation to bestow. Having risen by no paltry arts of popularity or intrigue, for which he was but little fitted, nor by any captivating charm of personal manners, which he was very far from possessing, but owing everything to the respect which his powerful talents, his unwearied labors, and his great public services had inspired, he still desired to be, what he always had been, a leader rather than a follower, rather to guide public opinion than merely to sail before it. He, too, had his political theories, very different from those of Jefferson—theories which he had not hesitated to set forth with a frankness very dangerous to his popularity. Alarmed at the levelling principles, as he esteemed them, to which the progress of the French Revolution had given rise, he had lately published, in Fenn's *United States Gazette*, a series of "Discourses on Davila," in which his political views were enforced and explained, not a little to the disgust of Jefferson and others, who professed peculiar regard for popular rights.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Much less of a scholar or a speculator than either Jefferson or Adams, but a very sagacious observer of mankind, and possessed of practical talents of the highest order, Hamilton's theory of government seems to have been almost entirely founded on what had passed under his own observation during the war of the revolution and subsequently, previous to the adoption of the new constitution. As Washington's confidential aide-de-camp, and as a member of the Continental Congress after the peace, he had become very strongly impressed with the impossibility of duly providing for the public good, especially in times of war and danger, except by a government invested with ample powers, and possessing means of putting those powers into vigorous exercise. To give due strength to a government, it was necessary, in his opinion, not only to invest it on paper with sufficient legal authority, but to attach the most wealthy and influential part of the community to it by the ties of personal and pecuniary advantage; for, though himself remarkably disinterested, acting under an exalted sense of personal honor and patriotic duty, Hamilton was inclined, like many other men of the world, to ascribe to motives of pecuniary and personal interest a somewhat greater influence over the course of events than they actually possess. Having but little confidence either in the virtue or the judgment of the mass of mankind, he thought the administration of affairs most safe in the hands of a select few; nor in private conversation did he disguise his opinion that, to save her liberties from foreign attack or intestine commotions, America might yet be driven into serious alterations of her constitution, giving to it more of a monarchical and aristocratical cast. He had the sagacity to perceive, what subsequent experience has abundantly confirmed, that the union had rather to dread resistance of the states to federal power than

executive usurpation, but he was certainly mistaken in supposing that a president and senate for life or good behavior, such as he had suggested in the Federal Convention, could have given any additional strength to the government. That strength, under all elective systems, must depend on public confidence, and public confidence is best tested and secured by frequent appeals to the popular vote.

We then have a highly colored description of

#### JEFFERSON'S POLITICAL PREJUDICES.

Though a great advocate for toleration and liberality in matters of religion, in politics Jefferson was a complete bigot. One single speculative error outweighed, in his estimation, the most devoted patriotism, the most unquestionable public services. Assuming to himself the office at once of spy and censor on his colleagues, he adopted the practice of setting down in a note-book every heretical opinion carelessly dropped—every little piece of gossip reported to him by others which might tend to convict his associates in the cabinet of political infidelity—anecdotes recorded, not as instances of the speculative errors into which the wisest and the best may fall, but carefully laid up as evidences against political rivals of settled designs hostile to the liberties of their country. Nor was he content with merely making this remarkable record. After the lapse of twenty-five years or more, "when the passions of the times were passed away, and the reasons of the transactions act alone upon the judgment," such is his own account of the matter, he gave the whole a "calm perusal," and having cut out certain parts because he had ascertained that they were "incorrect or doubtful," or because they were "merely personal or private," he prefixed a characteristic preface to the rest, and left them to be published after his death, as proofs of the services he had rendered to his country in saving it from a monarchical and aristocratical conspiracy. It was against Hamilton that the bitterness of a hatred at once personal and political was most keenly directed. The splendid reputation gained by the success of Hamilton's financial measures, fixing all eyes upon him as the leading spirit of the government, though Jefferson nominally held the first place in the cabinet; his great popularity thereby acquired with the mercantile and moneyed class; more than all, his weight and influence with Washington, excited in the mind of Jefferson a most violent antipathy, partly growing out of mere personal jealousy, partly based on imagined dangers to the liberties of the country—who can tell in what precise proportions? All the measures adopted on Hamilton's recommendation, even those which he had himself concurred to bring about—as in the case of the assumption of the state debts—began to be seen by Jefferson through a most discolored medium. Overlooking the justice and expediency of a provision for the national creditors, and the great benefits to the country at large resulting from that measure, in his private correspondence, on which he principally relied for the diffusion of his political ideas, he already began to denounce the entire funding system, especially the assumption of the state debts, as a mere piece of jugglery and corruption, intended to purchase up friends for the new government, and especially for Hamilton, and designed to pave the way toward an aristocracy and a monarchy.

The whole controversy between Hamilton and Jefferson is related at great length, forming the most animated portions of the present volume. A well digested narrative of the difficulties with France, of the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, and of the debate on Jay's Treaty, occupies a large space, and gives a very favorable idea of the accurate research, clear-sighted penetration, and vigorous common sense of the historian. As a trustworthy guide through the accumulated details of our political history, we are bound to commend

Mr. Hildreth in no measured terms, leaving the harmonic picture of the progress of republican freedom in America to the constructive genius of other writers. With thanks for the pleasure and instruction we have received from this volume, we hope soon to meet the author again, in the recollection of the exciting political scenes which waited for the death of Washington and the commencement of a new century for their providential development.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### NO MORE CORNS.

THERE is, no doubt, some quackery in the corn-doctor's trade, but there is more ignorance. For the benefit both of him and his patients, we will now disclose a secret which will relieve humanity from a load of misery, not the less difficult to bear that it is unpitied or ridiculous. The cause of corns, and likewise of the torture they occasion, is simply friction; and, to lessen friction, you have only to use your toe as you do, in like circumstances, a coach-wheel—lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanliest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed upon the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued. The writer of this paragraph suffered from these horrible excrescences for years. He tried all sorts of infallible things, and submitted to the manipulations of the corn-doctor; but all in vain; the more he tried to banish them, the more they would not go; or if they did go (which happened once or twice under the strong prevalence of caustic) they were always sure to return with tenfold venom. Since he tried the oil, some months ago, he has had no pain, and is able to take as much exercise as he chooses. Through the influence of this mild persuasive, one of the most iniquitous of his corns has already taken itself off entirely; the others he still pares at rare intervals; but, suffering no inconvenience whatever from them, he has not thought it necessary to have recourse to caustic—which sometimes, if not very carefully used, and vinegar and water applied at once to the toe, causes almost as much smart as the actual cautery.

GEORGE THOMSON, the correspondent of Burns, expired on Tuesday, at his residence in Leith Links, at the advanced age of ninety-two. During the whole winter he had been confined to the house with cold. For several weeks past his health sensibly declined, occasioning much solicitude to his family and friends. His active intellect, however, remained unclouded to the last. Though one of his eyes had begun to fail, objects of art still excited his imagination; and, even within a few days of his decease, a collection of fine old prints, when shown him by a friend, were examined and admired with a discrimination which his cultivated taste preëminently qualified him to exercise. Mr. Thomson's early connexion with the poet Burns is universally known; and his collection of Scottish Songs, for which many of Burns' finest pieces were originally written, has been before the public for more than half a century; his letters to the poet are incorporated with all the large editions of Burns. His kindness of heart, and other excellent qualities, will long be remembered by his friends.—*Scotsman*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## PIANIST AND PATRIOT.—A SKETCH.

"But just look at her!"

"At whom?"

"At that white woman who is standing bolt upright at the other end of the room, and staring at Blitz as though she would devour him."

"What, the woman with the wreath of narcissus upon her head?"

"Precisely—I never saw such a spectre in my life."

"Hush! that is the famous Marchesa di Malatesta."

"If you were to say evil eye as well as evil head, I should think it would be pretty near the mark."

"*L'un et l'autre peuvent se dire*, as M. Guizot was wont to say, and I will add a third distinction, evil heart."

Most assuredly, the person of whom Lady Mannering and Count Henry O'Connor were speaking was in every respect unlike any other. Her height was much above the ordinary height of women, her complexion of that deadly hue that suggested the idea of a protracted acquaintance with the tomb, and the excessive thinness of her whole person comparable to nothing that could ever be supposed to have had life. Yet, the dazzling glare of two dark, balefully brilliant eyes gave evidence of a vitality that was only the more remarkable from the contrast it formed with the outward aspect of the strange being it animated. They burnt like two lamps, and their look, as it rested upon you, seemed to scorch; you felt they were *uncanny*, as the Scotch say—*weird*. The dress of the marchesa was well calculated to set off to the utmost the exceedingly peculiar style of what some people called her *beauty*. Long flowing draperies of white silk swathed her round, and seemed naturally to take the folds of a winding sheet; not a jewel, whether of gold, diamond, or pearl, shone upon neck, hand, or arm, neither did any glove hide her long, fleshless fingers; upon her dark and *not* glossy hair, which was somewhat negligently dressed, the sole ornament was a wreath of white narcissus, (I will *not* say narcissi, though I fancy I ought to do so,) the petals of which were not more colorless than the brow on which they rested. Madame de Malatesta was immediately behind the old Prince von Katzenhaupt, the famous diplomatist, (the *Morning Post* denominated him the "*venerable*" prince,) and as she leant upon the back of his chair, her chin resting upon her clasped hands, and her two "evil" eyes glittering like bog-stars, she looked the very image of some bad spirit brooding over its prey.

But it was not the illustrious descendant of the house of Katzenhaupt who had any share in the preoccupations of the marchesa; her whole attention was devoted to the far-famed Menzel Blitz, the "king of pianoforte players," as he was called by the newspapers, and as a hundred others had been called before him! Did she admire or not? that was impossible to guess; the gaze *said* nothing, but fixed itself dark, ardent, and unvarying, upon its object. It was what the Germans call a "*steinerne Blick*," and, stone itself, seemed as though it would turn others into stone. But we will now let Lady Mannering resume her conversation with the count.

"For what earthly reason has Mrs. Carrington given this party to-night?" asked the former.

"Oh! don't you know?" was the reply, "only that Donner might play against Blitz."

"Nonsense! you don't mean to say that—oh! capital!" and the lady applied to both handkerchief and fan to hide her laughter.

"I assure you it is perfectly true," resumed the count—"Blitz, as you perceive, is fighting the fight with hands, legs, and locks—just see how those wretched pedals are ground under his "fantastic toe," how he lashes, and pinches, and tortures the keys, and how, in the pendulum-like motion of his head, his hair mops his wide-spreading fingers."

"Pity it can't make them cleaner," remarked parenthetically Lady Mannering.

"Donner, as you perceive," continued the count, "is looking on, and making ready for coming to the scratch. I am afraid Donner will have the worst of it, and I have a strong fancy to back Blitz."

"But," interrupted Lady Mannering, "*why* should these two worthies be thus pitted one against the other?"

"Not so much for the artistic pleasure of the thing," was the reply, "but on account of the marchesa yonder; Donner *was*, you know," added the count, significantly, "and Blitz *is*, and Mrs. Carrington, who has a deadly spite against the 'white lady' opposite, thought it might possibly be embarrassing to her '*friend*' (Lord save the mark!) to meet them both at once, as if anything could be embarrassing to that woman!"

"I confess you open my eyes," rejoined Lady Mannering, "there *must* be an irresistible sympathy between the marchesa and Blitz. I declare they are alike—he is the same sort of lizard-like looking creature; it seems actually as though Frankenstein's Adam had found his Eve."

The count smiled; "The Duchess de M—— in Paris," observed he, "calls Blitz *le saule pleureur fait homme*, and the Princess S—— in Vienna had already styled him *Der Wassermann*." But at this moment the mopping and mowing of the much admired Blitz suddenly ceased, with a tremendous crash, indicating the end of his performance. He rose and bowed, scattering his sandy locks over the severely tried instrument, threatening thereby to overturn the wax lights; and, retiring majestically, made way for Donner.

Donner was much younger than his opponent, and a very different looking kind of person. He was in appearance rather gentlemanlike than otherwise. Slightly made, not very tall, with hair cut to resemble that of any ordinary mortal, and a complexion which told of not over strong health. Here again was Donner's *spécialité*, as the French say. If Blitz was terrific, and wild, and fantastical, a sort of unearthly personage having *fait ses études* in the moon, or at the bottom of the sea, Donner laid claim to being supremely *interesting*. Earthly, if you will, but ready to leave the earth—tarrying as it were in our world only from condescension, or *désaveurement*; or perhaps it might be from uncertainty as to whether he might go to when he left it—but belonging to that class of artists who consider good health a proof of mediocrity, and who cultivate a small cough with almost as much care as their left hand, (the right one having become a mere superfluity now-a-days.)

Donner's style of playing belied his name. It was particularly soft and sentimental, and made to promote dreams instead of disturbing them. A giver of concerts in London once remarked to the author of these pages that Donner was the performer who, at all his parties, had the greatest



success, "for," said he, "he makes no noise, and does not prevent people from hearing themselves talk."

Donner began. His theme was a ballad of Schubert's, arranged for the piano alone—a sort of composition in which he excelled.

"Why, what is the marchesa about?" whispered Count O'Connor. "She does not move. I did not know she took any interest in his playing, now."

Sure enough, she had not moved, but stood even as before, leaning upon the back of Prince Katzenhaupt's chair, supporting her marble chin upon her marble hand, and glowering at the pianoforte till she made one's very flesh creep to look at her. Donner began. His first notes were touched with gentle, yet masterly, hand, and the instrument seemed soothed after the rough treatment Blitz had inflicted on it. *The Stream* was the ballad he had chosen, and stream-like did the delicious melody flow from beneath his fingers; you might almost fancy you heard the rushes whispering upon the river's edge, and the broad leaves of the water-lily, stirred by the morning wind, plashing in and out of the limpid wave; then, above all, rose, melancholy but serene, the voice of man, the melody—Schubert's own calm deep thought.

Still the marchesa looked on.

The artist had reached about the middle of his performance, when his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed upon the keys, were raised, languidly raised—they met *hers*, and a sort of shudder passed over his whole frame, under the influence of which a note or two was inaudible.

He still went on, but he could not help looking, do what he might to prevent it. That look had in it something that would not be avoided, and the artist looked, and looked, turned away his eyes, looked again, and by degrees the notes fell fainter and fainter from his hand.

"Bless me! what is that?" asked a lady who had been thought a very fine amateur singer "in her day." "I know that air perfectly, but cannot recollect—what is it?"

"Beethoven's *Adelaide*," answered her neighbor, taking a pinch of snuff, and humming in a most excruciating manner the above mentioned beautiful air between his teeth (he was a very great man, but had an unfortunate mania for the violoncello, and could not listen to any music without thinking of how it would sound on his favorite instrument—and trying to imitate it.)

"Splendidly managed!" observed a very masculine lady behind the last speaker—a pupil of Donner's. "A most unexpected and masterly transition."

And the marchesa looked on still.

With what exquisite tenderness was fraught each tone! What deep, deep regret was hidden in every chord! Oh! now it lay there before you, that ancient garden with its trees and terraces! How the wind of the "May evening" shakes the flowers upon their stems! Now, in the very ardor of the sunset, a star rises in the heavens, and from the verdant boughs drop the nightingale's first pearls! and wind and star, and bird and flower, all say but the one word—*Adelaide*! How sighs sweep over the keys! how plainly that whole strain of melody tells of things seen *alone* that had once been seen *together*!

And still the marchesa looked.

The strain grew wilder, louder; it was a sob, a

cry! these were outbreaks of despair, and the old recourse to dreams of death—

From the ashes of this heart  
There shall spring a purple flower.

The marchesa's eyes had never varied in expression. As bright, as dazzling, as strange as ever, they riveted their gaze upon the agitated musician, who grew pale and red by turns, and seemed very much in the position of a bird quivering under the eye of a rattlesnake.

*Adelaide*!

It was an exclamation of utter hopelessness, and the very inmost fibres of the instrument seemed to suffer, as it was torn shrieking from them—then succeeded the lassitude and languor of despair, and again the *one* name came forth, but this time in a wail, a quivering plaint of agony and exhaustion mixed—and then, a few unconnected notes, a few dying sounds, the faintness of a spirit that can bear no more!—but, as the last tones are wrung from the sinking fingers the ear still catches the disjointed syllables of "*A-de-lai-de*!"

The artist was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the enthusiasm his performance had created, and by the gathering round him of the greater part of his audience, who loudly declared he had surpassed himself and every one else. The musician looked astounded, and spoke no word. The marchesa had disappeared! Passing his hand once or twice rapidly over his brow, Donner heaved a deep sigh, and seemed as if he had awoke out of a dream.

"Well, after all, Donner *has* had the best of it!" observed Count O'Connor.

"Yes! I wonder how that is!" said Lady Manning.

"I think I can guess," rejoined her companion.

"No, really! Oh! do tell."

"Monsieur," mumbled old Katzenhaupt, placing his hand patronizingly upon the young artist's arm. "Did you ever see Matthiesson? No! Ay, to be sure, you are too young—well, I knew him—he was a strange person, very strange—nothing to be made of him—nothing—a dreamer, nothing else, Monsieur! my uncle, the Count of Grindeldorf, (my mother's brother) was chamberlain to the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, and I remember to have seen *Adelaide* herself—she was very beautiful" (a large pinch of snuff)—"the most lovely blue eyes."

"They are black as coals, and burn like them," said the artist.

"Blue as the heavens," affirmed the diplomatist, "besides, you never saw her."

"Never saw who?" asked the artist with surprise.

"Why, the Duchess of Dessau."

"Ah! so!" murmured Donner with a sigh, and seizing his hat he commenced making his escape from the admiring crowd around him; the inexorable prince followed him, snuff-box in hand, and full of early reminiscences. "She never cared one pin for Matthiesson, Monsieur," persisted he; "believe me, he was to her as the dust under her feet."

When the concert was over and the last guest gone,

"Oh! dear mamma, I should so like to have some

\* Matthiesson, the German poet, is supposed to have written the words of the *Adelaide* under the influence of the admiration, and indeed adoration, with which the Duchess Louisa of Dessau inspired him.

lessons from Donner!" remarked Miss Carrington, whose name was also Adelaide.

## II.

And lessons from Donner Miss Carrington accordingly had, at the small sum of two guineas per hour, three times a week. Whether she attained to any great proficiency under so gifted an instructor is a fact upon which few people seemed informed, but one circumstance had at first well-nigh disturbed her harmonious intelligence with the latter. No entreaties or supplications of his fair pupil could ever prevail upon Donner either to teach her the *Adelaide*, or even to repeat his own performance of it, and his resistance upon this point was so decided, that at last Miss Carrington gave up the attempt, and contented herself with assigning a thousand reasons in her own mind for his refusal, which reasons were all of them about as far from the real one as they could be.

We have alluded to a certain degree of polite enmity as existing between Mrs. Carrington and the marchesa; we will now explain its cause. The marchesa, celebrated for many years, and for many different reasons, on the Continent, had hitherto met with but a sorry reception in England; but circumstances had happened within a few months which had transformed Madame de Malatesta into a most decided lioness, an object of wonder, curiosity, and enthusiasm; and, consequently, made of her a person to be invited everywhere.

The King of Arcadia was at war with a certain portion of his subjects—or they were at war with him; different causes were assigned for this outbreak, but the real reason was believed to be, that his majesty, having conceived the nineteenth century to be an age of equality, had called upon the Arcadians to pay the same taxes with the other subjects of his dominions. This, the liberal, enlightened, devoted, and magnanimous subjects had flatly refused to do, and the no less liberal, enlightened, devoted, and magnanimous Hang-Fang-Bang-Tong-Tehoo had put himself at their head, and led the revolt against "the tyrant." When this glorious revolution broke out, the marchesa (who always signed herself Adelaide Dandolo di Malatesta, and who actually descended from the great Doge himself) was seized with such ardent democratic zeal that she not only aided the insurrection with half her fortune, but went the length of raising a corps of two hundred men, as whose leader she appeared, and followed by whom she joined the sublime Hang-Fang-Bang-Tong-Tehoo himself. It was not said that she or her soldiers had ever done much mischief to the enemy, but she had dressed them in her family colors, had had a semi-masculine uniform made for herself, had been known to harangue a population of seven orange women, an invalid, and two little boys, and to wave a red banner, crying "Vive la République," and she had been a great deal talked of in the newspapers—this was why she was a lioness in London, and why fathers and mothers of respectable English families, masters and mistresses of well-famed English houses, deemed it indispensable to open their dwellings to the marchesa. But Mrs. Carrington had a little private pique against the interesting Amazon, precisely on account of this same "glorious" insurrection which had rendered the marchesa so celebrated. Miss Julia Carrington had thought proper to fall in love with one of the "heroes" of this "sublime" struggle, and her mother had been threatened with nothing short of her daughter's death, if she did not consent to a

marriage between the enamored pair. Now, Mrs. Carrington was a genuine "British female," what is styled an "independent English gentlewoman," and she *did* like a title, no matter much who wore it. The hero in question was a count, and a *real* one. This, Mrs. Carrington took good care to find out, and did find out to the last possible degree of certainty, and to her own immeasurable satisfaction. She had but two daughters, both would be very rich, therefore, *en attendant*, that the eldest should marry an English peer, there was nothing to prevent the youngest from marrying an Arcadian count. Boleslav Boleslavsky (this was the hero's name) belonged to a family so ancient that they had no notion *whatever* of who their early ancestors were, and all they seemed to cling to was the fact of their having more than once, in remoter ages, worn the crown of their country! This was certainly enough, and Mrs. Carrington rejoiced in the idea that her grandsons would be of undeniably royal extraction. But a disagreeable report had been spread about town that the valiant Boleslav had not been indifferent to the marchesa's charms, and at this Mrs. Carrington was considerably disturbed. Julia, however, was very speedily quieted on this score, and her lover's passionate assurance of inviolable attachment, coupled with his declaration that all the scandal came from the fact of his having been the marchesa's aide-de-camp during the revolutionary war, soon dispelled whatever little annoyance the first whispers of malevolence might have occasioned her. Not so her mother. She was of the two, perhaps, a little bit *more* in love with "the count" than her daughter, and the only thing that at all ruffled her when she thought of her magnificent and heroic son-in-law was this same unlucky aide-de-campship, which she could not quite get over, and she was, from the hour she became aware of the fact, eternally beating about the bush to discover what the exact duties of an aide-de-camp were, *en temps de campagne*. Whether what she discovered was or was not satisfactory, it would be difficult to say, but she retained an invincible aversion for Madame de Malatesta, and was wretched at the conviction of not being able to give a party without inviting her. Hence the circumstance of the rival pianists. She hoped—charitably it must be confessed—to make the marchesa pass an insupportable evening. It was the best thing she could think of, and, after all, was not so bad for a person so respectable and well brought up; but it failed, and there is every reason on the contrary for supposing that the marchesa quitted Mrs. Carrington's concert very much at ease with herself, and content with her evening's entertainment.

A month passed, during which Adelaide Carrington's delight in her musical studies increased so violently that instead of three lessons in the week it was a lesson every day that she now required. Donner was thought a very gentlemanlike sort of person, and became familiar in the house; was allowed to run in and out of it like a pet animal, and at all hours of morning or evening the utter want of importance of the musician was attested by his being invariably admitted. The only person who treated him differently from the rest was the superb Count Boleslav, who took every occasion to say that he never looked upon artists as anything other than vagabonds, people not to be allowed to sit "above the salt;" that was the way he was accustomed to treat them in his country, and that, for his part, that way he should continue to treat them whenever he should fall in with any of the

genus. Imperceptibly, a slight coolness sprang up between the two sisters, and Miss Carrington went one day so far as to intimate to a bosom friend of hers that she looked upon the redoubtable Boleslav as a barbarian.

*Sur ces entrefaites* came the moment for leaving town. The fair Adelaide declared she did not know what she should do for want of her music lessons, and began to contemplate the possibility of driving up to town at least twice a week from her mother's place in Surrey in order to profit by her illustrious master's instructions.

But this delicate question was at length settled by Mr. Donner being induced to accept an invitation to pass a month at Mrs. Carrington's at Parkfield.

### III.

The first days of September were lovely, and as Mrs. Carrington's house was a very pleasant one, and "the girls" were nice girls enough as times go, a small party of guests soon assembled at Parkfield.

One evening it was agreed that after dinner (served habitually at the unfashionable hour of six) an excursion should be made to a wood at some little distance from the house, and from a particular spot of which the rising of the moon was said to have a singularly beautiful effect. Out accordingly went the whole party, laughing and chattering by the way. Julia leant upon the arm of her affianced bridegroom, and her sister walked alone, unsupported by any one.

The wood was reached. It was a beautiful spot. A broad grassy glade opened to the view, sloping downwards towards a stream which was half hidden by the willows on its banks, but whose babbling gave to solitude one of its sweetest voices. On either side of the opening rose wide-spreading beech-trees, already golden under the touch of advancing autumn, whilst towards the horizon the jagged line of more distant woods broke the gray sameness of the twilight sky.

The youthful members of the party were not to be deterred from venturing upon the green sward, by anything mammas or aunts could tell of evening dews, wet feet, and inevitable colds. No sooner had the broad yellow September moon, lazily pilloved herself upon the far-off woods and begun to pour the flood of her pale silvery light over the grass, than one after the other of the reckless group might be seen disporting in her rays. They thought it looked *elf-like*, and had some vague resemblance with the "Midsummer Night's Dream!" So thought Donner, no doubt, for he soon strayed away from the rest, and, striking into the more remote of the woodland paths, began to sing snatches of Mendelssohn's elfin melodies. Once or twice he thought he perceived a figure gliding beneath the trees, and a shadow crossing his path; but he was far more likely to have believed that it was Titania herself than any more substantial shape. As he was emerging from an alley that led towards the pleasure-grounds of Parkfield, he saw before him a lady—he stopped, she turned round—it was Miss Carrington.

"How lovely this moonlight is," said she in a sentimental tone, "I should like to wander about for hours—I can't think how people can be silly enough to go indoors, and sit round a smoking tea-table, or a prosy game at cards."

"Mademoiselle Julie was tired, I fancy," answered Donner.

"Oh! because the count does not care for the

moon," retorted Miss Carrington, in accents of unmistakable disgust.

They proceeded to talk of the heroic Boleslav, and somehow or other the charming Adelaide contrived so strongly to express her horror of all men "without souls," of all those who could only ride, drink and fight, and had no feeling for art or poetry, that a thought, a most strange, unaccountable thought, crossed the brain of Monsieur Donner, and he asked his companion if she would not like "one other turn" round the lawn.

During this "one other turn" I know not what was said by either of the moon-stricken strollers, but it is certain that as they passed under the porch that led from the flower-garden into the great court, the musician pressed Miss Carrington's hand to his lips, and she said, "Oh, Wilhelm!" with a very audible sigh.

"Oh, Wilhelm!" that is what so many of the girls come to who have run about the world with their mammas, dancing, donkey-riding, and picnic-ing at all the capitals and half the watering places in Europe. "Oh, Wilhelm!" forsooth.

When Adelaide reëntered the drawing-room the gentlemen were deep in a political discussion. She seated herself beside the piano, and begged the young artist to play. He began the first few notes of an *étude*. She petitioned for the *Adelaide*.

He started and turned pale. She blushed.

"Before so many people!" he stammered—the excuse was a good one.

"You are right," said she, "they do not understand it."

She seated herself beside the pianoforte and listened to the melodious wanderings of the artist's poetic brain.

An observer who should have known what had passed so shortly before in the garden would have found some little difficulty in accounting for Monsieur Donner's manner. There was something strange about it, and about him. Adelaide Carrington was what is called a very pretty girl, yet Donner did not look exactly like what is called a happy man. Miss Carrington would have a very fine fortune, but what had that to do with the matter!

Adelaide was *not* very clever, though she was really handsome and looked wonderfully happy—and "Oh, Wilhelm!" that is the end of it all. And a pretty end it is, a "lame and impotent conclusion," very similar to that which in *Emilia's* mouth provokes *Iago's* irony.

"Oh, Wilhelm!"

### IV.

And perhaps Donner was *not* happy. His short life had been marked by one of those events which leave an indelible trace, and which, whatever may be the occupation, the joys even of a later period of existence, are rarely if ever forgotten. Who or what Donner's parents might be, I know not, but the care they took of him was small enough. At eighteen he went his way into the world, with a prodigious share of enthusiasm—a wondrously slight stock of money, and a very remarkable talent for music. He studied composition in Rome under the famous *maestro* Montelli; and the time that was not devoted to music was spent in roaming about the beautiful verdant wildernesses of ruined palaces and tombs. He formed acquaintance with a French artist about his own age, who one evening proposed presenting him to one of the noblest ladies of modern Italy, and thus Wilhelm Donner,

the artist, became familiar in the circle of the Marchesa di Malatesta, a born Dandolo.

Almost all men, (and women too,) when they look back to what they may regard as the most important events of their lives, are forcibly struck with the insignificance of all that surrounded those events, and of the facility with which what was might not have been.

It was a sultry evening when Wilhelm's French friend called to take him to the marchesa's palace. The young musician was tired with his day's labors, somewhat nervous, and but little inclined to stir from off the couch, whereon, hard and comfortless as it was, he had thrown himself, and where he lay, gazing dreamily at the stars rising one by one. Urged by his friend, however, he unwillingly resigned himself; dressed and went his way to the spot where his destiny was awaiting him.

In an inner room, a sort of *boudoir*, hung in crimson damask, and dimly lighted by an alabaster lamp fed with perfumed oil, sat a lady—a mysterious apparition like those read of in fairy tales. She was pillowed by soft cushions of red silk upon which the brilliancy of her colorless skin shone with dazzling lustre. At first, Wilhelm did not quite know whether she inspired him with more admiration or fear. She was so strange, her dark eyes were so wild! he looked and looked, and the first time she looked at him he loved. Fear, admiration, surprise, all were blended, all absorbed in that one strongest, most pure, most beautiful, most lasting sentiment—the first love of a boy. Wilhelm's devotion to the marchesa soon became the law of his being. From the moment she fixed her dark, lustrous, stag-like eyes upon him his heart whispered—it is she! and acknowledged her for its lawful sovereign. Madame de Malatesta was not indifferent to the effect she had produced, and spared nothing that should augment its force. In a very few days Wilhelm was almost installed at the Palazzo, and the marchesa, who had no small musical talent, left all her other occupations to attend to music alone. This lasted nearly two years, in which time Wilhelm mastered all he ever knew.

Then it was, during those days of deep enchantment, that the poetry of that wondrous song of the great master was first revealed to the artist-lover. It was one evening in May, the moon had risen, and was pouring her white waves of light into the marchesa's *boudoir*. The pale lady of his love was seated at a window which opened into a terrace filled with exquisitely perfumed flowers. Wilhelm was gazing at her, as he would often do for hours together, as though earth contained no other object. Suddenly, "Play something to me," said the marchesa's soft tones; "your music suits so well with this lovely night."

The day before Wilhelm had listened to Rubini as he sang the *Adelaide*, of Beethoven, and the voice of the singer, and the words he sang, had sunk deep into the soul of the young musician, and awoke he scarcely knew what echoes in his breast. There was an inexpressible sadness, yet an irresistible charm in the effect produced upon him, and he almost feared to hear the magic notes again, whilst at the same time some power he could not resist compelled him to repeat them.

"*Questo è il canto mio*," said the marchesa when he had ended, "I am the *Adelaide*;" and her eyes looked winningly, and with a fatal tenderness, that set his very brain on fire, into the upturned eyes of the adoring boy.

Yet all this was to be as though it had never

been! Seven years had passed, and the incense he once thought sacred to the one, was to be burned at the shrine of another.

This it was that made him unhappy whilst he sat close to Miss Carrington at the piano-forte. He had once again said, I love; but the feeling was not the same, and the conviction had come upon him that it never could return, and that such love as his had once been was forever dead.

I have not the slightest intention of making a hero of Monsieur Donner, and therefore I will avow that he was chiefly led to wish himself in love with his fair pupil by the very prosaic consideration of her extremely handsome fortune. When she had talked to him (imprudently enough) of her exceeding distaste for her sister's warlike bridegroom, he began to reflect that possibly the reverse of the formidable Boleslav might find favor in her eyes. Two thousand a year—*cinquante mille francs de rentes*! would contribute probably, thought he, (judiciously enough,) to soften old regrets, and if not heal old wounds, at least help the possibility of flying from the remembrance of them in other and distant climes. Then, too, like a genuine son of art, there was the innate love of luxury without labor, and this could be largely satisfied by a marriage with Miss Carrington, whom he resolved never to call *Adelaide* as long as he lived! These reflections brought him to make the declaration, to which the young lady, as we know, replied, "Oh, Wilhelm!"

A declaration! yes, it was a commonplace, would-be sentimental declaration; such a one as is hackneyed, and will be hackneyed to the end of time. How different from the day when he had felt words could not render his sensations! No! Wilhelm saw that he had secured to himself the future enjoyment of a comfortable fortune, but he was anything but happy, and the second *Adelaide* had no part in the inspiration he owed to his passionate love for the first.

v.

But Mrs. Carrington! what would she say to this unheard-of project of her eldest daughter! Marry her music-master! why, it was positive ruin, disgrace—an utter abomination!

All this *Adelaide* felt must necessarily pass in her mother's mind, the moment she should become aware of what had occurred; and she was not without a certain degree of apprehension at the scene that was likely to be in store for her. She therefore determined to avoid the first explosion of maternal wrath by communicating with her respected parent in writing; and accordingly, before Mrs. Carrington's habitual hour of rising, a letter was put into her hand, which, when she had read it only half through, became the occasion of bell-rings without end.

"La! Miss Addy, what have you been and done to your blessed mamma?" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington's maid, who, having lived for five-and-twenty years with her mistress, took upon herself sometimes to sermonize the young ladies—"she is in such a fluster!"

"No, but is she very bad, Jones?" inquired *Adelaide*, who had met the Abigail in a passage conducting to her mother's room; "what does she say?"

"She says you'll be the death of her, Miss Addy, and she says she must send off for Sir William directly."

"Sir William" was Mrs. Carrington's brother,



a person much dreaded in the Parkfield household.

Here the colloquy was interrupted by the violent ringing of Mrs. Carrington's bell, at which sound Jones disappeared in an instant.

A few moments after, the fair Adelaide was summoned to her mother's apartment. She had hardly entered it when she encountered her sister, who made her appearance through another door.

"Oh, Julia! my dearest child, come to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington in lamentable tones, and taking no direct notice of her elder daughter's presence, "come to witness the dreadful!"—— But here Julia interrupted her parent with the exceedingly irrelevant phrase of—

"Heavens! mamma, what an odd figure you do look in that night-cap!"

"Never mind my night-cap," retorted pathetically the afflicted lady, "but listen to the disgrace your elder sister has brought upon our whole family;" and she proceeded to unfold to Julia's horrified ears the tale of Miss Carrington's attachment to her music-master.

Now, I will admit, that Mrs. Carrington's night-caps were very extraordinary, and possessed of sundry frills which, set in motion by the rapid and energetic movements of her head, did bob up and down after the most exhilarating fashion. So ludicrous was the appearance of the irate lady, that Julia was not quite so serious as she should have been, and Adelaide gained courage for the fight.

"It is of no use, you know, mamma, sending for my uncle William," remarked Miss Carrington, "for I am of age, and independent."

This was true, for the larger portions of the fortunes of both sisters had been left them by their grandmother.

"Oh, you ungrateful, shocking girl!" sobbed Mrs. Carrington; "you unnatural creature! I always feared this, and that was why I almost went on my knees to your father's silly, doting mother, to entreat her to alter her will!"

"Very much obliged to you, mamma," murmured Adelaide, "and equally so to grandmamma for not following your advice."

"But what is to be done?" inquired Julia, who had lost her subordinate position of a younger daughter in the glory of her avowed engagement with a man of royal extraction—"what is to be done?"

"Nothing in which you can be of any use, I should fancy," retorted angrily the indignant Adelaide.

"Try at least to respect in your sister," said Mrs. Carrington, "the person who, by her future position, can alone redeem our family from disgrace."

(Julia fondly pressed her mother's hand.)

"By marrying a hungry rebel," ejaculated Adelaide, "who only takes her for her money, and wants you all to think he is doing you a great honor."

The much-injured Julia contented herself with casting up her eyes to heaven, and murmuring, "*Boleslav!*" with a sort of ecstatic expression.

"For shame! wretched girl, for shame!" cried Mrs. Carrington, "but such malignity cannot attain those who are placed upon too great a height to be reached by it."

For more than an hour the conversation lasted between the three ladies, and, at its end, Julia's original question as to what was to be "done" was not much nearer its solution than at the beginning.

Miss Carrington, basing her incontestable right to do what she chose upon the fact of her majority and her independent fortune, stoutly declared that she would marry no other than Monsieur Donner, and that if any attempt were made to inform him of what had passed, or to acquaint him with the resistance opposed to their union, she would quit the house, and take refuge with a certain old aunt in Hampshire, whose godchild she was, and who had been in the habit of spoiling her from her birth. At last, an agreement was entered into between the belligerents, that no notice of what had occurred should be taken to Donner, that he should finish his visit to Parkfield, *comme si de rien n'était*, but that Adelaide should wait, and not allow herself to dream of a marriage without her mother's consent. Upon these terms they parted, Mrs. Carrington resolving not to appear at the breakfast table, and the two sisters determined to speak to one another as little as possible. The "hungry rebel" lay at Julia's heart, and she formed all sorts of plans for giving her sister cause to remember it.

As soon as Mrs. Carrington had found courage to dress, and was, in a sufficiently becoming morning *négligé*, established upon her sofa in her dressing-room, she despatched a message to request the attendance of the formidable count.

Boleslav made his appearance, fierce and warrior-like as ever, and Mrs. Carrington held out her hand languishingly to him as he entered.

When she had unburthened herself of her frightful load, (Julia had been enjoined to preserve the strictest silence upon the subject,) the old question came again: "What was to be done?" Thereat the doughty Boleslavsky did not seem so embarrassed as had been his precursors in the council; but his means were rather of the energetic order, and smacked strongly of his old calling.

"Dearest lady," suggested he, giving a furious pull at his left mustachio, "the thing is very simple, *je m'en charge*. We need only to cast the base-blooded churl into the river—nothing can be easier."

"Ah! my dear count," said Mrs. Carrington, with a tender smile, (this martial ardor pleased her,) "we are not, alas! in your own Arcadia, and in England, we should be accused of murder, and the law would——"

"Law!" interrupted Boleslav, "who ever heard of law? why, the wretch is not noble, and can have no rights; if the law was ill-advised enough to meddle in the matter, we would receive its emissaries with horse-whips, and should they persist, I will undertake in three days to put Parkfield into a state of defence, and stand a siege of six weeks, at the end of which we can capitulate if it is thought advisable."

Vainly did Mrs. Carrington represent to her future son-in-law that none of these means were possible in the humdrum land in which she had taken refuge, (and whose worthy inhabitants chose to regard him and his followers as the martyrs of a liberal cause,) the doughty chieftain could understand no other manner of proceeding, and, these propositions being rejected, he had no others to suggest. The mildest of his remedies consisted in the immediate imprisonment of Adelaide in the lowest of the house cellars; and finding that no one single piece of his advice could by any possibility be adopted, it was not entirely without a slight degree of pique that he retired from his interview with his mamma-in-law elect, observing that, if people would not profit by the councils that were

offered to them, they must be prepared to submit to the consequences.

Upon his return from a walk he had taken that morning at early dawn, the object of all these discussions, M. Donner, was startled in one of the alleys of a thick beech-wood by the sudden appearance of a female figure, dressed in black. Twice she crossed his path, looked at him, and then passed on. The third time, however, instead of passing on, the figure stopped.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady (for lady she evidently was,) "are you not Monsieur Donner, the musician of whom fame has spoken so highly?"

Donner bowed.

"Then allow me to request your company for a few seconds, and be kind enough to answer one or two questions I wish to make."

Donner could do no otherwise than acquiesce.

The appearance of the stranger was more imposing than prepossessing. She was tall and dark, and in her eagle-features and sallow skin, there was something that told a source of pride and poverty, of habits of command, and of that species of privation, which, on the other hand, is seldom allied but to submission. Her eye was bright and piercing, but it had a wistful look that seemed as though it distrusted those it rested on. Her lips were thin and compressed, and her whole countenance was expressive of singular energy. She was dressed entirely in black, and her attire was of that sort which betrays straitened means, combined with the knowledge of what *ought* to be worn.

"You were here last night," said she; "I tried to speak to you, but could not."

"Then it was you whose shadow I saw upon the path?" remarked Wilhelm.

"Did you think that it was a ghost?" she rejoined with a smile that was almost contemptuous. "Not quite that!" and she laughed a loud, short, anything but gleesome laugh. "Tell me," she abruptly resumed, "have you not a foreign guest at yonder house? one who calls himself Count Boleslavsky?"

"The patriot hero!" rejoined Donner, with something nearly akin to a sneer.

"Precisely so," was the reply; "he is about to become the husband of one of the daughters of your hostess, is he not?"

"He is, and that very soon," answered Donner.

He fancied his companion grew a shade paler.

"Do you know *when*?" she asked.

"I believe in a month, for the delay has only been occasioned by the circumstance of the bride's mother having decided that her daughter should not marry till she had completed her eighteenth year—now the festivities which are to celebrate this event take place in two days, on Thursday next, which is Mademoiselle Julia's birthday, and I believe, after that, the marriage is likely to be quickly solemnized."

"You said a month, just now," observed sharply the mysterious lady.

"That is the period I have heard assigned," replied Donner.

"A month!" she repeated, as though communing with herself, and then counting hurriedly on her fingers. "There is time," added she.

"And are this charming pair wrapt up in mutual adoration?" inquired the dark lady.

"Of that I can hardly judge," said Donner; "but I have heard it surmised that the count is

singularly enamored of Mademoiselle Julia's two thousand a year."

"Which she might not enjoy very long, if she married him," observed his companion.

"But," suddenly inquired Donner, "you are a stranger here; what interest can all this have for you? Do you know Miss Carrington?"

"Perhaps."

"Or the count?" he added.

"Perhaps," was again the reply.

They walked on for a few moments without speaking. At length—

"We must separate here," said the lady, "for I must not leave the cover of the wood—but—" she paused. "How long do you stay at Park-field?"

"It is uncertain," answered her companion; "but, at all events, three weeks."

The strange visitant of these "woodland wilds" stood still, and fixed a scrutinizing look upon the artist's countenance.

"It could do you no good whatever to speak of our interview," she recommenced, "and, therefore, I suppose, if I tell you it is highly important it should remain a secret, I may probably rely upon your not divulging it."

"You may count upon my discretion," said Donner.

"Now listen to me," she rejoined; "take this paper," and she held out to him a small roll of paper she had taken from her pocket. "O! you need not be alarmed—it is not a compact with the devil which you will be called upon to sign—we are not playing *Robert le Diable*—you may unfold it—it is something quite in your way—it is music."

The astonished artist did unfold the paper in his hand, and found a page of music arranged for the pianoforte.

"There are no words to it," remarked the lady, "it does not need any; but promise me one thing; some day, when you can best study the effect that simple air may produce, *play it before Count Boleslav*—some day soon we may probably meet again, when you can relate to me the impression made by these few notes—for the present, adieu!" And with a wave of the hand, and a somewhat haughty bow, the mysterious lady vanished into one of the paths across the wood.

Donner stood for some moments reading over the piece of music in his hand, which seemed to him to be more like some wild species of dance than anything else. He folded it up, and, hiding it in the breast of his coat, retraced his steps towards the house, determined to profit by the present that had been made him.

## VI.

Two days after came the famous Thursday for which, as the happy anniversary of Julia Carrington's birth, such preparations had been made. As it was to mark the period when, according to her mother's resolution, she might become the sharer in the honors of the house of Boleslavsky, it was to be invested with all the solemnity of a "coming of age." Oxen were to be roasted, barrels of ale to be broached, tenantry to be made to dance, poor to be fed, and county neighbors to be driven to die of envy.

The house was full of people, and each succeeding day brought fresh gayeties. One day that it had been proposed to witness the coursing of a hare by Lord Ellisholm's greyhounds, (his lordship was

in Mrs. Carrington's maternal previsions the husband elect of the fair Adelaide,) the doughty Boleslav had gratified the whole company with an exhibition of his equestrian powers which transported the admiring Julia.

As they were turning out of a path that led through a copse into the lane by which they were to gain Parkfield, the count's attention was arrested by the young cadet.

"Just look at that woman's head up in the elder tree," cried he. Boleslav stared, but discerned nothing.

"What nonsense!" retorted Julia. "Can't you see that she is leaning over Peter Fairbrother's garden wall, which is hidden from you by the elder tree through the branches of which she is looking?"

"But where?" repeated the count. "I see nothing."

"Because you look the wrong way; but don't trouble yourself any more; she is gone now; she dropped down from the tree like a bunch of its own berries, and seemed to me every bit as black."

The next morning ushered in all the various festivities that had been decreed to take place, and when every species of rustic rejoicing had been exhausted, the politer portion of the Parkfield community prepared for its own particular gratification in a banquet and ball.

All the neighbors for twenty miles round had answered Mrs. Carrington's summons, and the ball promised to be brilliant. A genuine English country dance was insisted upon, but no one was to be found who could execute it. Those who knew anything about it were too old, and amongst the young none would avow ever having heard of such a thing. Quadrilles were substituted, but these in turn soon gave way to an almost uninterrupted succession of polkas and waltzes. Julia was enchanted, for in this style of dancing the count was as great a proficient as in riding, and, of course, she allowed him to dance with none but her.

"How horribly ill these people play!" remarked Boleslav. "And what an absurd collection of polkas and waltzes they have! There is no possibility of dancing. I wish some one would just sit down to the piano, and play a reasonable waltz or two."

"Why don't you ask Donner to do so?" inquired his partner.

"Monsieur Donner," vociferated the count, addressing the artist, who at this moment was standing at the opposite side of the room; "there is no dancing to this music—I wish you would play a waltz."

"I dance them sometimes, Monsieur le Comte," answered Wilhelm, "but never play them."

"He never plays anything when he's asked," muttered Boleslav, as a turn of the dance brought him nearer to Donner, who heard the remark.

The vexed musician reddened and bit his lip. At the end of the waltz he came up to the fierce Boleslav.

"If you can get up a mazurka," said he, "I will play for you, for I have a new one, which has never yet been heard."

Julia and her sister and the Miss O'Donnoghues, two Irish girls amongst the visitors at Parkfield, quickly managed to bring together the requisite number of gentlemen, and the four pair placed themselves in the centre of the room, the rest of the company arranging themselves so as to be spectators of the performance.

Donner took his place at the piano, the count and

Julia were nearly opposite to him. The artist's fingers wandered over the keys, and then, after a few preliminary chords, he commenced the mazurka of which he had spoken, and which was neither more nor less than the piece of music given to him so mysteriously two days before.

It was surely enough in the measure required for a mazurka. A wild, plaintive air, singular in the extreme, and of so very melancholy a nature that it seemed more fitted for a dirge than for a dance.

Donner had not got beyond the first few bars, when the effect foretold to him as to be produced upon the count, had far surpassed anything he could have anticipated. Pale as ashes, with hair standing almost on end, Boleslav sprang towards the instrument, and dashing Wilhelm's hands from the keys—

"What in h—ll's name is that?" exclaimed he in a choking voice; "and where did you get it?"

The musician rose, and very calmly looked his agitated interrupter in the face. "Monsieur le Comte," said he, in a firm voice, "I had it from a lady."

"Where, when, how?" retorted Boleslav.

"Perhaps I may not choose to tell."

"Not choose!" ejaculated the count, beside himself with rage. "Not choose!"

But here, all the world interposed between the two contending parties, and the *hero* became aware that he had gone too far—turning to those who were pressing round him—

"You cannot know," stammered he, "in what circumstances, under what pressure of distress, of danger, I have heard that air. Sometimes a mere sound, the memory of a beloved country, may be recalled to an exile, and her bleeding wounds be torn open afresh before him."

This was quite enough. Boleslav was *decidedly* a hero, and all the world was instinctively against Donner, who had been the occasion of hurting such fine sensibilities. Julia, having nothing to do, had fainted outright, and, before she had contrived to leave the ball-room, her sister had with treacherous haste cut her laces, affirming that they were dangerously too tight.

The gayety of the evening was quite at an end, and the only thing for which every one seemed to find strength was the supper, to which justice was done, as though Monsieur Donner had never invented strange melodies which were to frighten honest folks "from their propriety."

Boleslav, nevertheless, could not take part in that which seemed to unite all the world, and, after tossing off three or four glasses of Champagne, he betook himself into the open air, and marched up and down the terrace with never a hat upon his head, repeating over and over to himself—

"A lady! it cannot be her! but who then can it be?"

The next day he was observed to be particularly gracious to Donner, and once or twice in the library during the morning and after dinner in the drawing-room, he came up to him, conversed with him, and seemed in many ways inclined to raise him, after a fashion, to a degree of equality with himself.

Whether he obtained any reward for his pains or not, it would be hard to say, but it is to be concluded he did *not*, for at the end of a few days he relapsed into his former haughtiness, and recommenced behaving to Donner as he opined that a *gentleman* ought to behave to a man who gained his living by the exercise of an art.

The period when Donner's visit was to end had arrived, and he took his departure from Parkfield, still unaware that Adelaide had already spoken to her mother of an engagement which was now formally concluded between themselves. The day approached when Julia Carrington was to become Countess Boleslavsky, and the impatience of the bridegroom increased with each succeeding hour.

At length everything was positively settled. The bridesmaids were named, and the marriage dress of the fair bride had been already an object of admiration and envy to the privileged few who had seen it.

Mrs. Carrington and her daughters were to go to town three or four days before the ceremony, to their house in Cavendish-square, and thence the happy couple were to start for a tour through Scotland.

The evening before their departure for London, the inmates of Parkfield, consisting only of the family themselves and the young cadet, were sitting cosily round the library fire, listening to the howling of the wind, as it blustered among the branches of the high trees.

"You sadly want some owls here, aunt," remarked the cadet; "the rooks only make a row by day, but the hoo-hooing of an owl or two would not be amiss on such nights as this."

"Talk of owls!" remarked the count. "Why, you never saw one—you should go to my country to see owls—if you once saw them in my forests at Hkerakkhramkhretch! or heard them in the towers of my old feudal domain of Knockerlockerbocker, you would never talk of your owls again."

"Ah!" sighed Julia; "how I should delight in seeing your *ancestral halls*!" and she cast a languishing glance at the count.

"And you shall do so some day," rejoined Boleslav, "some day when we are free."

"Or that you decide upon accepting the benefits of a general amnesty," whispered the wicked cadet to his cousin Adelaide, who seemed to agree with him.

"Kings have sat at the dining-tables of my fathers as equals," continued Boleslav.

"And subjects been hanged at the postern gate, I dare say," murmured again the graceless strippling.

"The crown worn by one of my ancestors has left a jewel in our possession," said the count.

The cadet was about to observe that this was a novel mode of characterizing what he felt inclined to denominate a theft, when the entrance of the butler interrupted the conversation.

"If you please, ma'am," said the softly-spoken, softly-shod domestic, "there are some people without who say they must speak to you, that it is upon business of pressing consequence, and that it cannot be put off."

"Who and what are they?" began the count; "look them up, and tell them to wait till to-morrow."

"Patience, my dearest Boleslav," said smilingly Mrs. Carrington. "What do they want, Simmons?"

"I can't find out, ma'am," replied the butler; "they are three of them wrapped up in cloaks, but there is only one that asks to see you. He is rather respectable looking than otherwise."

"Well," said Mrs. Carrington, "it might be as well to let him in here, and hear what he wants."

The butler departed, bearing the order to admit the man.

"It looks actually quite like an adventure," observed Julia.

In a few moments the door was opened, and a person entered who certainly had nothing remarkable, either one way or the other, in his appearance. He was not exactly a gentleman, and yet had no evident marks of belonging to the inferior classes of society. He bowed on entering the library, and advancing towards the lady of the house,

"I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Carrington, I believe."

That lady bowed.

"These young ladies are your daughters, madam, I presume."

"They are, sir," replied Mrs. Carrington, beginning to feel more and more surprised.

"Then, I think, madam, that for what I have to say, it might be as well if I were to beg these young ladies to withdraw, or even if I were to entreat the favor of a few moments' private conversation with you alone."

"This is my nephew, Mr. James Carrington, sir," said Mrs. Carrington, "and this my future son-in-law, Count Boleslavsky; I can hear nothing apart from their presence; and indeed it is out of pure good-nature that I have consented to receive your visit at all——"

The stranger interrupted her.

"That which I have to say," observed he, "it is perfectly indispensable that you should hear, but it is indispensable for no one else; therefore I leave it to your choice, madam, who shall assist at our conference."

Mrs. Carrington was resolved not to leave herself without the support of her two protectors, and her daughters insisted, with the curiosity natural to them, upon also remaining present.

"Well, then," said the strange visitor, "since you will have it so, so be it; it is not my fault if much pain is inflicted. Madam," he continued, turning round, and looking Mrs. Carrington full in the face, "this gentleman, whom you call Count Boleslavsky, and who really is so, cannot marry your daughter."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrington, indignantly.

Julia screamed. Boleslav started to his feet with an oath.

"Hallo!" cried the cadet.

Adelaide said nothing.

"I repeat it," resumed the stranger, "your daughter cannot be the wife of Count Boleslavsky."

"And why, if you please?" inquired James Carrington.

"Because he is married already," answered the man.

Both the sisters screamed this time, and Mrs. Carrington fell back in her chair. Boleslav was as pale as death.

"There is the marriage certificate," pursued the stranger, laying a paper upon the table before young Carrington, who eagerly seized upon it.

"Julia, my life!" ejaculated the count, darting off to the side of his fainting bride, and beginning to have recourse to *les grands moyens*, "it is all false—she is dead!"

Julia opened her eyes and began to breathe.

"It is true," continued the count, "I had, in thoughtless youth, entered into a union, which I concealed from you because I would not, could not tell you, that you, my angel, were not the only



woman to whom I had ever breathed words of love. There lies my fault."

"And she is dead?" faltered Julia.

"She died five years ago."

"She is so far from dead," interposed the stranger, "that here she is!" and, opening the library door, he gave admittance to the dark lady we have already met once before.

The confusion may be conceived, not described.

"Monster!" thundered Boleslav, darting towards the new-comer with uplifted hand.

"Back, you ruffian, you!" cried young Carrington, seizing the count's arm, and forcing him to a safer distance from the object of his wrath.

She stood still, cold and fearless, eying her husband, since so he was, with withering scorn and bitter hate.

"Five years ago!" said she, repeating his own words; "yes, five years ago, after all my wealth had been squandered by the man who had stolen me from my parents, with promises of a love in which I was mad enough to believe, I was thrown by him into a dungeon, whence I only escaped some few weeks since, when the barbarous misrule of a few feudal chieftains was overthrown, and replaced by the lawful authority against which they had rebelled. This is your hero! this your patriot!" she continued, turning to the group of horror-struck faces round her, and, pointing with really majestic gesture to her guilty husband, "look at him now," exclaimed she, "and say whether you find any traces of a hero there!"

It would be useless entering into the further details of the scene that took place. Faintings, tears, hysterics, were of course intermingled with curses, imprecations, and horrid oaths. Vows of vengeance were all that were left to the enraged count, for he had been too suddenly confronted with the truth; the living fact had risen up too palpably before him to have given him, even for an instant, the resource of denial. He stood there, an accused, convicted criminal.

So much for the Patriot!

"Thank God! I never let one into my house," when he heard the story, said the much-dreaded Sir William.

#### VII.

The tale was true in every detail; but how, it may be asked, did this buried wife jump up all at once to confound her felon lord? A few words will suffice to explain. When feudal castles were once more in the possession of the sovereign authority, and the victims of arbitrary private power were set free, the wife of the hero Boleslavsky found her way into the upper air, and was released from the dungeon, where, for five years, the count had thought proper to have her shut up, giving forth to the world the report of her death. The countess' first thought, upon recovering her liberty, was to rejoin her faithless husband, and this, it may be supposed, out of hate, not love. She easily discovered his place of refuge; and about three weeks before the commencement of our story, she arrived in London, where the news of the amiable Boleslav's projected marriage was one of the first announcements that awaited her. To prevent this union was of course her instant desire; but she had no proofs of her being herself his lawful wife. Time would be required; but, after consulting a man of law, to whom she had applied, immediate

steps were taken for procuring the documents necessary to prove her statement.

The lawyer to whom she had addressed herself, and who gave her his opinion and assistance in exchange for the musical instruction she agreed to give his daughter, was really in the main a good sort of man, and took a certain degree of interest in the countess' affairs. When the necessary papers were received, Mr. Singleton, accompanied by his eldest son, consented to go down with his much-injured client to Parkfield, where we have witnessed their arrival and its result.

Meanwhile, the countess herself had paid constant visits to the neighborhood of Mrs. Carrington's abode, lodging in first one village and then another, and taking every opportunity of watching the exact progress of the count's matrimonial scheme. Thus it was that she had waylaid Monsieur Donner, and that James Carrington had caught sight of her looking through the branches of an elder-tree, in order to obtain a good view of her rival, the unsuspecting Julia. The piece of music she had given to Donner was, she knew, calculated to drive the count half out of his mind, should he hear it, from the mere circumstance of its being quite impossible that any one could have procured it but through her means. It was an air composed by herself, and with which, played upon her harp, on the night she left her father's home, she had given to Boleslav the signal that all was ready for their elopement. None knew this air but her, and, during the two years when, not having yet obtained entire mastery over her fortune, it suited the count to feign some remainder of affection for his wife, he had been wont to beg of her sometimes to let him hear his favorite melody. She knew full well that the sound of this air must suggest to the count frightful reflections as to the possibility of her existence, and for that reason she had communicated it to Donner.

On the other hand, the impatience of the formidable Boleslav to call Julia his lawful wife, was to be ascribed to a cause of the most simple and prosaic nature—money. He had borrowed largely and at enormous interests, and the time for the *mauvais quart d'heure* was rapidly approaching, when, if he could not pay with his purse, he would be forced to pay with his person. As we know, this diabolical *quart d'heure* came, and in a shape most horrible. What happened with the hero, his debts, and his wife, none of the Parkfield family ever cared to inquire; complete oblivion was the only thing to be desired in this most disastrous case of misdirected "hero-worship!"

In proportion as her younger daughter decreased in Mrs. Carrington's esteem (for the excellent lady accused her alone of all the misfortune) so did her elder one regain some of the favor she had lost. The term, "hungry rebel," was remembered with complacency, as having been a proof of discernment, and *faute de mieux*, Donner was regarded with indulgence when compared with the fearful criminality of the count.

Julia was, of course, seized by severe illness, and many people were uncharitable enough to believe that what she regretted most was the right that had been so suddenly denied her, of wiping her eyes on a coroneted pocket-handkerchief. As soon as her health would admit of her being removed, the disappointed mamma and her "dear girls" set off for the continent, that universal panacea for damaged hearts or damaged pockets. Donner was half admitted by the unfortunate Mrs. Carrington to be the future spouse of the obstinate

Adelaide, *qui n'en démordait pas*, and he was to join the party at Ems, with the first breath of spring. To Ems, accordingly they went, and from Ems they all migrated together to Baden-Baden.

Baden delighted both Adelaide and the sentimental Julia, and, indeed, the latter, forgetful of her "disappointment," consented to dance, and went so far as to accord waltz after waltz to half the hereditary princes of Germany. Donner, too, was mightily *fêlé*, and it caused no small satisfaction to Miss Carrington to witness the way in which more than one crowned head even had paid its tribute of admiration to the young and really talented artist. But Mrs. Carrington's tribulations were not at an end. She had, as we know, conceived a dreadful jealousy of the Marchesa de Malatesta on account of one daughter's *adorateur*, and now she was made to remember that Boleslav was not the only person likely to be connected with her who had owned the power of the marchesa's charms; but that Donner had been one of her most famous victims, for, as luck would have it, hardly had the fated family been fixed in their very handsome and comfortable lodgings in Baden than Mrs. Carrington was greeted with the news of the marchesa's arrival. She was too pleasantly *installée*, and had too loudly given out her delight at everything around her to admit of her making her escape, and therefore she was reduced to the necessity of meeting the marchesa, though she was determined nothing should induce her *here* to invite her inside her doors; and so the season wore on till the last days of September. Now in Baden-Baden, you might have fancied yourself in London, or Paris, and one evening at a party at the Princess Maltzikoff's there were assembled a vast number of our old acquaintance. Amongst others there sits Lady Mannering, and see, the gentleman who takes his seat beside her is once more Count Henry O'Connor. (Count Henry's father was an officer in the Austrian service, and made a count by the Emperor Francis.)

"*Enchanté, milady*," exclaimed the count, taking his seat "one may imagine oneself in the height of the season, as your newspapers call it, and I can fancy that those windows open upon Hyde Park."

"*Grand merci*, count—I am very glad they do not. I infinitely prefer the view of the *See-lage* to anything between Apsley House and Cumberland Gate; but I will tell you where one may fancy oneself again without any effort of imagination; and that is at the famous concert that ridiculous old Carrington woman gave to make Donner play against Blitz. All the *dramatis personæ* are here; there are the Carrington people, and the marchesa, and old Katzenhaupt, and Donner, and, in short, every one except Blitz."

"Pray, is it true," asked the count, "that the eldest Miss Carrington is going to marry that pianoforte player?"

"Oh! don't ask me," replied Lady Mannering, with an air of disgust; "we are all mad, and these foreigners have *beau jeu* in laughing at us as they do—I had a letter from my sister Emma this morning, and only think of the news she gives me! Ellisholme has actually married Zéphirine the opera-dancer!"

"And you are surprised?" inquired her neighbor, "*vous êtes bien bonne*—but hush! there is Donner at the piano."

The musician sat down, and certainly by his

performance amply merited every eulogium that was poured out upon him at its conclusion. The marchesa, this time attired in the deepest sable hue, and her head wrapped round with a veil of black lace, sat *nonchalamment* ensconced in a capacious arm-chair, and seemed to pay attention to no one. Suddenly—

"*Cara mia*," said the Princess Maltzikoff addressing Madame de Malatesta across the room, "did you ever hear anything half so beautiful?"

"Oh! yes—often!" was the reply given in a drawing tone.

"Did you ever hear him before?" asked the princess.

"He is a very old friend of mine," added Madame de Malatesta.

"Why, Monsieur Donner," cried the princess, turning to the artist, who was standing near talking to some ladies, "you never told me that you knew . . ."

"Oh! *machère*," interrupted the marchesa, fixing upon the artist a look peculiarly her own, but scarcely bending her head into a bow, "I dare say, Monsieur Donner has forgotten me—it is so long since we met!"

Wilhelm turned pale, then red, and could barely stammer out an intelligible reply. She was lovelier, but more strange, than ever.

When the party was over, and the guests were departing, the marchesa came up to Donner, and with a grace nothing could withstand—

"Monsieur Donner," said she, "I have to-morrow evening a few friends; will you do me the favor to join them? I shall be truly happy to receive you, *chez moi*."

The next day, 25th of September, was fixed for the departure of the Carringtons from Baden-Baden. They were to start at midnight to join at Leopoldshafen the boat that passed at daybreak down the Rhine. Donner promised to be at their door at twelve o'clock, or, if not, to rejoin them at dawn on board the steamer.

The night was lovely, the moon threw her soft silver mantle tenderly over every object, and the dew hung its pearls upon every leaf, and every flower. There was no wind, save just enough to waft fragrant exhalations of the fair earth through every opened casement; and the only sound was that of the eve-jar's solitary note in the dark fir woods on the brow of the hill.

The marchesa's guests were not numerous, but they were chosen, and rarely had Donner enjoyed a triumph so perfectly gratifying to his vanity as that which awaited him on this night.

One by one the guests dropped off, and Wilhelm took up his hat, and made his bow, for he saw he had outstayed every one, and was alone with the mistress of the house.

The marchesa was seated at a window that opened into a terrace filled with flowers.

"Are you so hurried," said she, "that you cannot play something for me only? Something that may recall my far distant Italy." Wilhelm was again at the piano—and from his fingers fell the first notes of the one eternal melody.

"Oh! the days of his early youth! are they come again! Is this an illusion?"

How each tone seems a voice of the very inmost heart! With what melancholy and passionate tenderness each note is fraught! This time the marchesa seems fascinated, for she rises, and, coming forward, leans upon the pianoforte, her head resting upon her clasped hands.

Twelve o'clock strikes, but the artist hears it not. The melody draws to its close—she has never yet looked at Wilhelm; slowly she raises her eyes at the approach towards the last few phrases, and murmurs.

"*E questo il canto mio!*"

The musician trembles; he has forgotten all save the dreams of his early youth, and as the few last lingering notes escape from his fingers,

"Adelaide!" exclaims he wildly, and sinks at the feet of the enchantress.

Mrs. Carrington and her "girls," embarked alone upon the *Gross Herzog von Baden* steamer, and wondered where on earth that "tiresome creature Donner" could be \* \* \*

*Et de deux!*

"Well, aunt," said James Carrington, when he saw his charming relatives return home; "neither pianist nor patriots, say I, but a plain, honest, upright John Bull, who pays the king's taxes without grumbling, and can keep improper people at their distance for all they may have the 'evil eye.'"

#### LIFE, SCENERY, AND CUSTOMS, IN SIERRA LEONE AND THE GAMBIA.

BY THOMAS EYRE POOLE, D. D.

Nothing strikes the new comer more forcibly than the sudden and unforeseen transition from day to night in Sierra Leone. The charming twilight of Europe is a mental enjoyment unknown to the inhabitants of those tropic shores. That intellectual portion of time, that hour of poetry and thought, that short but precious interval most sacred to, and valued by, minds and hearts which are not altogether dependent upon tangible and visible objects for subjects to administer to their respective wants, is a deficiency which must be felt by every one who is not insensible to the cravings of an immortal nature. Light after light might be seen suddenly issuing from some hut or house over the town which lay before us. Every now and then the splashing sound of an oar from some fishing canoe entering the little creek close by, or making for the more public place of landing, would break the quiet of the hour. Voices sometimes would come forth from the opposite shore, a sling's cast from us; and suddenly the boatman's well-known and not unmusical nor spiritless song would start us from our meditations in which we might have fallen for a few moments. Smoking is a practice in Sierra Leone which every one, without exception, may indulge in. And the greater part of the community fail not in taking advantage of a custom thus so liberally tolerated. For very few indulgences receive universal and blameless sanction in Free-town. When, however, cigars of a good quality can be procured, and they are used in moderation, I have heard most persons say they are a wholesome preventive to the effects of the malaria. My little friend appeared to relish mouthing the tobacco amazingly, and he looked all happiness during the time he was dispensing about him the Indian aroma. The most thoughtful philosopher could not have surpassed his imperturbable gravity, which would only relax into a smile when he reminded you that your glass was empty. This once replenished, the cigar would, as it were, instinctively return to its natural position; and thus, with a little agreeable conversation, the exchange of mutual sympathies, which were alike directed homewards, or dwelt upon our positions in life, similar in many respects as residents of so undesirable a place as Sierra Leone, hour after hour would steal too quickly away, that otherwise had proved dull and unprofitable. Sometimes we would stroll about the paddock or garden, and listen to the dove or wood-pigeon, or grumble at the croakings of the "*Rana palustres*," which not the utmost stretch of fancy can allow is a pleasant noise. Then there is in the first enclosure just mentioned, a tall cocoanut tree, which marks a spot of mournful interest, in ruminating on which we would think more sorrowfully of kindred ties never perhaps to be re-

united in this world. For the funeral plume-leaves of that sad-looking tree bend them over a grave whose marble slab hides from human eye the remains of one who, but for the wish he expressed to sleep his last sleep there, had ere this been forgotten. The inhabitants of that tomb, which time even appears to respect, and over whose top the pride of India hangs its graceful boughs, rich with its delicate and lilac-looking blossoms intertwining with the cocoa, as if to shelter the spot from the destructive heat, are a man and a dog. Affection so attached this animal to his master that he would not leave the grave, and he was buried with him!

Proud Reason! Mark what thou dost rarely know—  
A friendship instinct only could bestow!

From this paddock you pass through a little gate into the garden, which is partly enclosed by the old wall and mounds, on which formerly some cannon were mounted. There are two fine trees in it, which afford an agreeable shade, and a flourishing vine once grew there, which produced abundance of very tolerable grapes, but has been lately cut down. English vegetables, as well as those indigenous to the country, are reared with a little trouble, and succeed pretty well. I have seen as fine cabbages and carrots in the commissariat's garden as in England, making allowance for the climate. Turnips also, and English herbs, lettuce, cucumbers, and celery, I have produced in my own garden. Some English flowers thrive, particularly the geranium; but the roses soon degenerate. The dahlias do better. Many of the native flowers are exquisitely beautiful, and the fragrance of some of the shrubs is too powerful for enjoyment. The four o'clock flower, which only blossoms in the morning and evening, and resembles our *Marvel of Peru*, is very pretty, and at night, as you walk by them, you may observe a large moth busily employed in extracting from the petals its sweet food. This insect is remarkable for its long proboscis, which measures at least an inch; and which it curls up in a very neat manner. It is also otherwise very curiously marked, and makes a loud, buzzing noise, which may be heard at several yards' distance. Whilst occupied in noticing these little insects one evening, and listening to the curious noise which they made, my attention was directed to something which passed with a swift and zig-zag motion through the air, and which I supposed at first sight to be a large bat. But, on watching its return, it proved to be a bird about the size, I should guess, of a large swallow. It had two extremely long and single feathers protruding from the tail, very large at the extremities, and widening to a breadth of some inches. These, in its rapid and irregular flight, had the appearance of two other birds following as if in pursuit of it—for the length of these feathers, from their fineness, was scarcely perceptible. I have heard it called by some the boat-swain bird, from the above circumstance.

From the Athenæum.

THE AUTHORS OF "JANE EYRE," "WUTHERING HEIGHTS," AND "AGNES GREY."

FEMALE genius and female authorship may be said to present some peculiarities of aspect and circumstance in England, which we find associated with them in no other country. Among the most daring and original manifestations of inventions by Englishwomen—some of the most daring and original have owed their parentage, not to defying *Britomarts* at war with society, who choose to make their literature match with their lives—not to brilliant women figuring in the world, in whom every gift and faculty has been enriched, and whetted sharp, and encouraged into creative utterance, by perpetual communication with the most distinguished men of the time—but to writers living retired lives in retired places, stimulated to activity by no outward influence, driven to confession by no history that demands apologetic parable or subtle plea. This, as a characteristic of English female genius, we have long noticed; but it has rarely been more simply, more strangely illustrated than in the volume before us.

The lifting of that veil which for a while concealed the authorship of "Jane Eyre" and its sister novels, excites in us no surprise. It seemed evident from the first prose pages bearing the signatures of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, that these were *Rosalinds*—or a *Rosalind*—in masquerade;—some doubt as to the plurality of persons being engendered by a certain uniformity of local color and resemblance in choice of subject, which might have arisen either from identity, or from joint peculiarities of situation and of circumstance. It seemed no less evident that the writer described from personal experience the wild and rugged scenery of the northern parts of this kingdom; and no assertion or disproval, no hypothesis or rumor, which obtained circulation after the success of "Jane Eyre," could shake convictions that had been gathered out of the books themselves. In similar cases, guessers are too apt to raise plausible arguments on some point of detail—forgetting that this may have been thrown in *ex proposito* to mislead the bystander; and hence the most ingenious discoverers become so pertinaciously deluded as to lose eye and ear for those less obvious indications of general tone of style, color of incident, and form of fable, on which more phlegmatic persons base measurement and comparison. Whatever of truth there may or may not be generally in the above remarks—certain it is that in the novels now in question instinct or divination directed us aright. In the prefaces and notices before us, we find that the Bells were three sisters, two of whom are no longer amongst the living. The survivor describes their home as—

a village parsonage, amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic; it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys; it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn; these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must *itself* brim with a "purple light,"

intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pastures of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest; where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm.

Thus much of the scene;—now as to the story of the authorship of these singular books.

About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves reunited and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life. \* \* One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse; I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. \* \* Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency; it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called "feminine"—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise. The bringing out of our little book was hard work. \* \* Ill-success failed to crush us; the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale; Ellis Bell produced "Wuthering Heights," Acton Bell "Agnes Grey," and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon by various publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal. At last "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors.

The MS. of a one-volume tale by Currer Bell had been thought by Messrs. Smith & Elder so full of promise, that its writer was asked for a longer story in a more salable form.

I was then just completing "Jane Eyre," at which I had been working while the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London; in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skilful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while



"Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," my sister's works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management. They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice.

The narrative may be best concluded in the writer's own words.

Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again; I would fain think that hope and the sense of power were yet strong within them. But a great change approached; affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the laborers failed over their work. My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory, but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them.\* She died December 19, 1848. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849. What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two unobtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits.

Though the above particulars be little more than the filling up of an outline already clearly traced and constantly present whenever those characteristic tales recurred to us—by those who have held other ideas with regard to the authorship of "Jane Eyre" they will be found at once curious and interesting from the plain and earnest sincerity of the writer. She subsequently enters on an analysis and discussion of "Wuthering Heights" as a work of art;—in the closing paragraph of her preface to that novel, insinuating an argument, if not a defence, the urgency of which is not sufficiently admitted by the bulk of the world of readers. Speaking of the fiend-like hero of her sister's work, she says:—

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know. I scarcely think it is. But this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that at times strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent "to harrow the valleys, or be bound with a band in the furrow"—when it "laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver"—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Plato or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as fate or inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice.

It might have been added, that to those whose experience of men and manners is neither extensive nor various, the construction of a self-consistent monster is easier than the delineation of an imperfect or inconsistent reality—with all its fallingshort, its fitful aspirations, its mixed enterprises, and its interrupted dreams. But we must refrain from further speculation and illustration; enough having been given to justify our characterizing this volume, with its preface, as a more than usually interesting contribution to the history of female authorship in England.

From the Morning Chronicle.

#### MUSIC ON THE WAVES.\*

THIS elegant volume is an example of a happy idea successfully wrought out. The music is made by a company of emigrants on board the good ship Venture, which is ploughing the moonlit waves of the Indian Ocean. The scene and the group are well sketched for us by Mrs. Norton, who enters into the spirit and poetry of nautical life with the enthusiasm of a true "child of the islands."

The first song is volunteered by a daughter of that order of the Anglican priesthood which is proverbially remarkable for small salaries and large families:—

A curate's daughter—whose kind sire  
Lies buried 'neath the grass-grown sod;  
Too poor to keep her station where  
Her father taught the word of God;  
From England and from English friends  
She turns—and dries the blinding tears,  
Through which she saw the outward world,  
And visionary waste of years.  
No dread is in her calm sweet face,  
No murmur for a lot not given—  
Those who have slenderest hope on earth,  
Have sometimes strongest trust in heaven.  
Her countenance reveals her soul,  
The fear of God, but not of man,  
Ne'er shone more nobly, since the world  
Its wrecked and altered course began;  
And her large reverential eyes  
Her inward pious thoughts declare,  
Like lights through Sabbath hours that burn  
In temples dedicate to prayer.

\* Music on the Waves. Words and Music by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Folio. London: Chappell.

Ah! many a laborer's home will miss  
The kind light of those helpful eyes;  
By many a cottage hearth, her name  
They 'll utter with regretful sighs;  
And many a brief unlettered prayer  
Invoked for her dear sake shall be,  
Who now, upon that moonlit deck,  
Stands, singing—"Pray for those at sea!"

This portionless young lady, who is proceeding with a younger sister to India, is followed in the musical concert by a lover whom the fortunes of travel have already provided for her in the person of a young Irish adventurer, whom we fear her relatives in the midland counties would hardly consider a good match:—

One of a widow's wealth of sons,  
(Who had no other wealth on earth,)  
Accustomed to a struggling lot,  
Even from the moment of his birth;  
The fearless hope—the frolic smile—  
The tender word—the ready jest—  
Sprung up like wild flowers in the sun,  
And decked his poor home in the West.  
Ah, happy home! where all seemed well,  
While all were there to laugh and sing—  
Ah, happy home! which human love  
Had girded with its magic ring—  
Where the meek widow's merry boys,  
And soft-eyed girls their fate defy,  
By mere unconsciousness of cause,  
In poverty, to bid them sigh—  
How often, in more splendid halls,  
He heard exchanged such bitter words,  
The voices of his sisters came  
To memory, sweet as music chords;  
Their glad looks—his mother's smile—  
His brother's warm and clasp hand—  
Thrilled to his soul, and bade him bless  
That green nook in his native land!

Then we have an emigrant mother, with an infant at her breast, who pours forth a plaintive lullaby to lovely music:—

The old trite story—ever new,  
To those who find its fate their own,  
Had been that woman's lot; she loved,  
Was wooed—was left—and now was lone.  
And in the burst of her despair,  
She would have yielded up her breath,  
But that a rosy cherub stood  
Ever between her soul and death,  
Saying "forsake me not, dear life,  
That art the better part of mine;  
Have pity on the feeble grasp,  
Which baby fingers round thee twine;  
Have pity on the dumb bright eyes  
Whose sole expression is of love,  
Still answering with a ready smile  
The mother's smile that bends above;  
Have pity on the tender limbs  
Now cradled on thy rocking knee—  
If even friends thy prayers have spurned,  
Oh! what will strangers prove to me!"

In introducing the two Hindostanee boys, who sing the next duet, the poetess indulges in certain passionate apostrophes to "southern mouths," and "southern smiles," and "southern eyes," which cast a reflection upon the north that appears to us to be libellous, and in which our Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbid us to concur. We are more inclined (especially at the present season) to join in the aspirations for a better and warmer climate, which immediately follow:—

Oh! sultry days, and moonlight nights,  
Oh! stars, whose glorious light on high,

Treble the frosty twinkling gleams  
Vouchsafed us in our northern sky—  
No wonder if their beating hearts  
To these in happy dreams returned,  
And pined to see the land once more  
For which their banished childhood yearned!  
Fly o'er the waves, thou gallant ship—  
With rushing speed glide swiftly on—  
Thy white sails rosy with the tinge  
Each evening of a warmer sun!  
Rise, broad and bright, thou holy moon;  
Make the whole world a summer's dream—  
Bring back, for them, the gleaming flow  
Of Ganges' lotus-covered stream!  
Already all those stranger eyes,  
That crowd so anxiously around,  
To them are like the land-ward lights,  
That vanish from the outward-bound!  
They see their native river banks,  
With many a shapely marble dome;  
They bless the fair and freshening breeze—  
To them, the foreign shore is home.

A ruined laird from the Highlands, to whom this fair climate appears merely a painful exile immediately after their song is ended, gives musical expression to an exactly contrary sentiment. We next have an organ-builder, who regards his art with all the passionate reverence felt by Poussin for painting, and by Wordsworth for poetry, and who is, to us, by far the most interesting passenger on board:—

His soul was in his work; he deemed  
The architect who built the choir,  
And raised the temple from the dust,  
Had less of reason to aspire.  
That silent mass of pillared stone,  
What was it—till the life of sound  
Thrilled through its startled length and breadth,  
And crept in trembling echoes round?  
In vain, unnoticed and obscure,  
No storied page his name embalms;  
There dwelt in work from his weak hand  
The thunder of a thousand psalms.

A rich man, who is voyaging to dispel his grief for the death of his affianced bride, next sings a beautiful lament, entitled "I saw thee while I slept." But this mourner has already begun to find comfort in one of his fellow-passengers—the curate's second daughter—whose charms and their effect are thus sweetly depicted:—

Her voice was one to cheer a home—  
To lull a suffering child to sleep—  
Make reading pleasant to the blind—  
Or stay the tears of those that weep.  
Something caressing in its sound,  
Yet timid—crept into your heart—  
As though it found therein a home,  
And would not willingly depart.  
And still that melancholy man,  
Who sang "I saw thee while I slept,"  
His eyes, upon her shy young face  
In dreamy contemplation kept.  
The pure and resolute sweet look,  
Her elder sister's visage wore,  
She had not; but, to him who gazed,  
Something that touched and pleased him more.  
Something that made him wish to be  
Her friend—her comforter—her guide—  
Sent out so early, and so lone,  
On restless Life's uncertain tide!  
There are to whom home's sacred walls  
A more than common shelter give,  
Like those sweet tendrilled plants that droop,  
Torn from the stay by which they live;  
Both sisters had an equal fate,

And both were young, and both were fair;  
 But one seemed fit to cope with all  
 The other was not framed to bear;  
 Fairest the stately elder seemed  
 To him who sang "The Morning Star,"  
 But—to the grief-worn man—the one  
 Who bowed to grief, was lovelier far!  
 Those downcast lashes—that meek mouth,  
 Almost too tranquil for a smile—  
 A blending seemed of life and death,  
 His grave-bound fancy to beguile:  
 If she had only raised her eyes,  
 That look had chanced the spell to sever,  
 But as it was, her beauty won  
 And sank into his heart forever.

We hope that the course of true love may run smooth, and that this opulent Indian, when he becomes (as we apprehend he will) the brother-in-law of the young Irishman, may procure him an appointment that in the end may lead to fortune and a happy return to Galway.

The above extracts, taken at random from the beautiful emblazoned pages which do so much credit to the taste of Mr. Chappell, will give our readers some idea of a work which they will thank us for bringing under their notice. Could we also quote the musical accompaniments, they would see that Mrs. Norton has married her fine verses to melodies worthy of their charms. The dedication to the Duchess of Montrose proves the writer to be as successful in a light and playful style of poetry as in the deep and serious pathos which marked her dedication of a former work to the Duchess of Sutherland—in verses whose glorious burst of genius and feeling might well render both names immortal. Nor is the playfulness of the present address without a certain tenderness of tone—a tenderness inseparable from Mrs. Norton's writing, and which we venture to predict will give this slight volume of ballads a very real value in many homes. Those who have brothers and sons at sea, or friends in foreign lands—who have endured the sorrow of bitter partings, or made obscure struggles in life, will find here an echo of their own feelings; not expressed in mawkish sentiment, but in earnest and genuine a strain as ever made affection holy. To all such we confidently recommend "Music on the Waves;" neither over-rating nor under-rating the value of ballad music in general, of which, in spite of its simplicity among the more scientific lovers of the art, it will remain true to the end of time, that it is universally welcome.

Manhood loves its martial measure,  
 Age its notes would fain prolong;  
 And the child's first sense of pleasure  
 Is the mother's cradle song.

Our favorites among the ten ballads in this collection are the "Prayer for those at Sea," "The Emigrant Mother," "The Friend," and "The Murmur of the Shell." A very clever drawing from the pencil of Mr. Stanfield illustrates the work, and the pages are bordered with nautical emblems. Certainly no ship should put to sea without this pleasant little volume on board, either for the use of the ship's company, or for that of friends in foreign lands.

## BRITISH AND AMERICAN STEAMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR—In *The Times* of Wednesday, the 26th of February, there appeared a long article on the Transatlantic steamers, extracted from the *New York Tribune*, and as it is based on data radically erro-

ous, I beg to offer a few remarks, in order that your readers may not be misled.

In instituting a comparison between the Collins (American) steamer *Baltic*, and the Cunard (British) steamer *Asia*, the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* assumes the engines of the former to be 2,200 nominal horse power, and those of the *Asia* to be 800 nominal horse power. With this start he edifies the public with a good deal of algebra, and, as the difference of the speed of the respective vessels does not at all correspond with what might *a priori* be anticipated, it is left to be inferred that a mysterious perfection is arrived at in the *Asia* by some sort of magic. The fact, however, simply is that the engines of the *Baltic*, instead of being of 2,203 nominal horse power, as alleged in the *Tribune*, are of the same nominal horse power, as those of the *Asia*, there being two 96-inch cylinders in each vessel; and the degrees of variety that there are in the speed of the two vessels under changing circumstances are quite in accordance with what would, *a priori*, be expected from the difference in the dimensions of the two ships, and from the difference in the boilers. It is important that the public should not be left under the impression which the article in the *New York Tribune* is calculated to produce, because, if it really were the case that results were at utter variance with well grounded scientific calculations, there would be no clue to progress within human reach.

Feb. 27.

Your obedient servant, FACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR—Seeing in *The Times* of to-day an article copied from the *New York Tribune*, attributing the inadequate performance of the American steam vessels plying on the Atlantic to the insufficient dimensions of the paddle wheels, it may be useful, perhaps, to point out the errors into which the writer of the article in question has fallen, which might otherwise lead to new failures greater than those which are lamented.

With regard to the general argument of the American writer, as to the importance of having as little slip or recession of the water before the floats of the paddle wheel as possible, all engineers are agreed; and the writer is here quite right in his deductions, and only expends a needless amount of algebra in establishing a doctrine which, in this country at least, commands universal acceptance. But when he proceeds to refer the deficient speed of the latest American ocean steamers to the inadequate dimensions of the paddles, and proposes an enlargement in the diameter of the paddle wheels as a remedy, he falls into error, as I think can be easily shown.

The dimensions of the engines of the most modern vessels plying to America are as follow:—

	Diameter of Cylinder.	Length of Stroke.	Nominal Horse Power.
	Inches.	Feet.	
Atlantic and Pacific, . . .	93	9	793
Arctic and Baltic, . . .	93	10	823
Asia and Africa, . . .	96	9	814

The paddle wheels of the whole of these vessels are of the same dimensions very nearly, and as the engines are nearly of the same power, it is clear that the *Asia* and *Africa* can have no advantage over their American rivals, owing to a different proportionate size of the paddle wheels. The error of the American writer is traceable to the absurd exaggeration in which the Americans are so apt to indulge respecting the power of their steamers; for he says that the *Atlantic* and *Pacific* are of 2,000 horses power, and the *Baltic* 2,200 horses power; and he infers that paddle wheels of the dimensions proper for the *Asia* and *Africa* of 800 horses power cannot be appropriate for the *Baltic* of 2,200 horses power. But the fact is, that the *Baltic* has only 14 horses power more than the *Asia* and *Africa*; and if she is, as is alleged, a heavier and larger vessel, it is not difficult to understand why she should have an inferior speed. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Feb. 26.

AN ENGINEER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter.  
*Ecclesiæ Græca Monumenta.*

DIM voices haunt me from the past—for the dream of life is dreamed, and may now be revealed; the dreamer is loitering on the Bier Path leading to the green grass mounds, whence mouldering hands seem to point upwards and say, "Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us."

I have no happy childhood to recall; for I began to think so early, that pain and thought are linked together. I had a father, and a sister two years my senior; and our home was a small cottage, surrounded by a flower-garden, on the outskirts of a town, where the chime of church-bells was distinctly heard. These are sweet, romantic associations; but "garden flowers," and "silvery chimes," and "childhood's home," are words which awaken no answering chord in my heart—for Reality was stern, and Fancy wove no fabric of fairy texture wherewith to cover the naked truth.

My mother died when I was born; and my father was a thin pale man, always wrapped in flannels about the head and throat, and moving slowly with the aid of a stick. He never breakfasted with us—we were kept in the kitchen, to save firing—but he came down late in the forenoon, and when it was warm and sunshiny he would take a gentle stroll into the fields, never townwards. We dined at a late hour, and there were always delicacies for my father; and after dinner he sat over his wine, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers, till it was time to go to bed. He took little notice of Gabrielle or me, except to command silence, or to send us for anything he wanted. There were two parlors in the cottage, one at each side of the door; the furniture was scanty and mean, and the parlor on the left-hand side never had a fire in it, for my father always inhabited the other. It was bitter cold for Gabrielle and me in this left-hand room during the winter, for we were often turned in there to amuse ourselves; our sole domestic—an ancient Irish servant, retained by my father solely on account of her culinary accomplishments—never admitted us poor shivering girls into the kitchen when she was cooking, for, said Nelly—

"If I am teased or nervous I shall, maybe, spoil the dinner, and then our lady save us from the masher's growl."

No one ever came near us—we seemed utterly neglected, and our very existence unknown. The house was redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the garden where we played was a wilderness of weeds—amongst which roses bloomed in summer, and Gabrielle and I watched for their coming with delight; those summer roses, on the great tangled bushes, were surely more beautiful to us than to other and more fortunate children—we gathered and preserved each leaf as it fell, and never was fragrance so delicious!

Now it may naturally be supposed, that from ignorance our impressions were not painful; but from the time when I first began to notice and comprehend, I also began to bitterly feel our condition, and Gabrielle felt it far more than I did. We knew that we were half-starved, half-clad, neglected, unloved creatures, and that our parent was a personification of selfishness. We saw other children, prettily dressed, walking past with their mothers or nurses—or trotting to school, healthful and happy; and our hearts yearned to be like them—yearned

for a mother's kiss! Gabrielle was habitually silent and proud, though often passionate when we were at play together; but the outburst was soon over, and she hugged me again directly. I early learnt to dislike all ugly things from gazing on her—her beauty was of a kind to dazzle a child—she was so brilliantly fair and colorless, with clustering golden hair falling to her waist, and large soft blue eyes, which always made me think of heaven and the angels; for, thanks to His mercy, I knew of them when I was yet a child.

Of course we were unacquainted with our father's history as we afterwards heard it. He was of a decayed but noble family, and—alas! it is a commonplace tale—he had ruined his fortunes and broken his wife's heart by gambling. Worse even than this, he was irretrievably disgraced and lost to society, having been detected as a cheat; and, broken down in every sense of the word, with a trifling annuity only to subsist on, he lived, as I remember him, pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all save self. And, oh! God grant there be none—poor or rich, high or low—who can repeat the sacred name of "father" as I do, without an emotion of tenderness, without the slightest gossamer thread of love or respect twined around the memory to bind the parental benediction thereto.

Nelly had followed our deceased mother from her native isle, for she too was Irish, and clung to our father, ministering to his habits and tastes, a good deal, I believe, for our sakes, and to keep near us. She was a coarse woman; and, unlike her race in general, exhibited but few outward demonstrations of attachment. When her work was done in the evening she sometimes taught us the alphabet and to spell words of three letters; the rest we mastered for ourselves, and taught each other, and so in process of time we were able to read. The like with writing: Nelly pointed out the rudiments, and Gabrielle, endowed with magical powers of swift perception, speedily wrought out lessons both for herself and me. The only books in the house were a cookery-book; a spelling-book which Nelly borrowed; a great huge history of England, which formed her usual footstool; and an ancient, equally large Bible, full of quaint pictures. Would that I had the latter, blessed volume, bound in gold now, and set with diamonds! A new epoch opened in my life. I had already thought, now I understood; and the light divine dawned on my soul as Nelly, the humble instrument of grace, in simple words explained all that was wanting; for our faith is very simple, notwithstanding the ineffable glories of Jesus and redemption. I dreamed by night of Jesus and of angels, and of shepherds watching their flocks "all seated on the ground;" and I used to ask Nelly if she did not think an angel must be just like Gabrielle, with shining wings, certainly! But Nelly would say that Miss Gabrielle was too proud for an angel, and never likely to become one unless she liked her Bible better; and it was too true that my darling sister had not the same love for holy things that I had then. She liked to read of Queen Bess and bluff King Hal; but when we found our way to a church, and heard the chanting, her emotions far surpassed mine, and she sobbed outright. At length Gabrielle, who had been pondering many days without speaking, confided to me her determination to ask our father to send us to school.

"Why should I not ask him, Ruth?" she said. "I wonder we never thought of it before—only he is always poorly, or smoking, or drinking."

I observed her beautiful lip curl as she spoke in



a contemptuous tone, and I thought that Jesus taught not so; but I feared to speak—so I wept, and knelt down alone and prayed for my sister.

Gabrielle did ask him, and my father laid down his paper, and took the cigar from his mouth, gazing in dull amazement at the speaker; but I saw his gaze become more earnest and observant as he said—

"Why, girl, how old are you?"

"I was thirteen last month," replied Gabrielle.

"You are a monstrous tall girl of your age, then, I declare; and you have learnt to read from Nelly, haven't you?"

"Yes, we have," was the quiet reply; "but we wish to learn something more than that."

"Then you must go to some charity school, miss, for I have no money to pay for such nonsense; you can read and write and sew, and what more would you have! Pass the claret nearer, and reach me those cigars; and take yourselves off, for my head is splitting."

I must draw a veil over Gabrielle's passion when we were alone.

"It is not for myself only that I sorrow," she exclaimed, as her sobs subsided; "but you, poor, little, delicate thing, with your lameness, what is to become of you in the big world, if you are left alone? You cannot be a servant; and what are we to do without education? for Nelly has told me our father's income dies with him."

Her expressions were incoherent; and when I tried to comfort her, by assurances that the blessed Saviour cared for the fatherless, she turned away and left me. So ended the first and last application to our parent.

When I remember Gabrielle's career from that period to her sixteenth year, I much marvel at the precocity of intellect she exhibited, and the powers of mind with which she was endowed. We had no money to procure books—no means to purchase even the commonest necessities of clothing, which too often made us ashamed to appear in church. But suddenly Gabrielle seemed to become a woman, and I her trusting child. She was silent and cold; but not sullen or cold to me, though her mouth became compressed as if from bitter thought, and never lost that expression again, save when she smiled. Oh, that sunny smile of radiant beauty! I see it now—I see it now! I tried to win her, by coaxing and fondling, to read the Holy Book; but Gabrielle said we were outcasts, and deserted by God. When I heard that, my wan cheeks burned with indignation, and I exclaimed, "You are wicked to say so;" but Gabrielle was not angry, for tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on me, whispering—

"Poor little cripple—sweet, gentle, loving sister—the angels that whisper these good things to you pass me over. I hear them not, Ruth."

"Sister, sister, they speak, and you will not hear; do you think the stupid, lame Ruth is favored beyond the clever, the beautiful, the noble Gabrielle?"

Then with an outburst of passionate love she would take me in her arms, and weep long and bitterly. I knew that I could not enter into the depths of her feelings, but I comprehended her haughty bearing and scornful glances; for the neighbors looked at us pitifully, and Gabrielle writhed beneath it; child as she was, there was something awful and grand in her lonely majesty of demeanor. Her self-denying, constant devotion towards me—often ailing and pining as I was—I

repaid by an affection which I am sure is quite different from that entertained by sisters happily placed for each other; Gabrielle was as mother and sister, and friend and nurse, and playmate, all in one to me. She, and the bright young roses in our neglected garden, were the only two beautiful creations I had ever seen. It was well for me, in my childish simplicity, that I knew not the wreck of mind—the waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation—of which Gabrielle was the victim; but she knew it, brooded over it, and the festering poison of hatred and contempt changed her innocent, affectionate nature, towards all created things, except her own and only sister.

We never wearied of listening to Nelly's accounts of the former grandeur of our maternal ancestors, intermixed with wild legends of chivalrous love and gallant daring. She told us, too, of our ancient blood on the father's side, and that we were the great grandchildren of a belted earl. Gabrielle's pale cheeks flushed not—her eyes were downcast; but I knew the sufferings of the proud, beautiful girl. I too, humble as I was, felt what we were—what we ought to have been; and the blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens mounted to my throbbing temples.

Gabrielle was a lady—a lady in each action, word, and look; poorly and insufficiently clad, her tall, graceful form bore the unmistakable mark of hereditary breeding, which neither poverty nor neglect could eradicate. It was not her exceeding loveliness which alone attracted observation, but it was a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow—it was Nature's stamp on one of her most peerless and exquisite productions. One evening, when we had been listening to Nelly's discourse by the kitchen fire, a sudden and new thought took hold of my imagination, nor could I rest until I had imparted it to Gabrielle. It was this—that she might marry some great, rich man, and so release us from want and privation; for, of course, my home would always be with her!

Gabrielle looked gravely on my upturned face as I knelt beside her, and confided this "new plan."

"Ruth," she said, "you are a wise and a singular child, and you deserve to be trusted. I mean to become a rich man's wife if I have the opportunity; but how it is to be brought about, your good book, perhaps, may tell."

"Oh, darling!" I cried, "do not smile so scornfully when you speak of that blessed, dear book; it would comfort and lead you, indeed it would, if you would but open and read its pages."

"Well, well, Parson Ruth," she cried, laughing, "that will do. When the rich man comes down from the clouds to make me his bride, I promise you I'll have a book bound in gold like that; and you shall be educated, my darling Ruth, as the daughters of the De Courcys ought to be, and you shall forget that we have no father, no mother."

"Forget our father!" said I. "Never, never!"

Gabrielle was terribly shaken and agitated; little more than a child in years, injustice and sorrow had taught her the emotions of age, yet she was a guileless child in the world's ways, as events soon proved.

We used to ramble out into the adjacent meadows, and doubtless our roamings would have extended far and wide, had not my lameness precluded much walking, and Gabrielle never had a thought of leaving me. So we were contented to saunter by a shining stream that meandered amid the rich

pasture-land near our home; this stream was frequented by those fortunate anglers only who obtained permission from the lady of the manor to fish in it, and this permit was not lavishly bestowed, consequently our favorite haunt was usually a solitary one. But soon after Gabrielle had completed her sixteenth year we noted a sickly youth, who patiently pursued his quiet sport by the hour together, and never looked round as we passed and repassed him. Some trifling "chance" (as it is called) led to his thanking Gabrielle for assisting to disentangle his line, which had caught amid the willow branches overhanging the water; the same "chance" caused him to observe his beautiful assistant, and I saw his start of surprise and admiration. He was a sickly-looking lad, we thought, dressed like a gentleman, and behaving as one; and he was never absent now from the meadows when we were there. He always bowed, and often addressed some passing observation to us, but timidly and respectfully, for Gabrielle was a girl to command both homage and respect. She pitied the lonely, pale young man, who seemed so pleased to find any one to speak to, and exhibited such extraordinary patience and perseverance, for he never caught a fish that we saw. Through the medium of a gossip of Nelly, who was kitchen-maid at the principal inn, we ascertained that our new acquaintance was staying there for his health's benefit, and for the purpose of angling; that his name was Erminstoun, only son of the rich Mr. Erminstoun, banker, of T—. Nelly's gossip had a sister who lived at Erminstoun Hall, so there was no doubt about the correctness of the information, both as regarded Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's identity, and the enormous wealth of which it was said his father was possessed. The informant added, that poor Mr. Thomas was a *little* soft, maybe, but the idol of his parent; and that he squandered "money like nothing," "being a generous, open-handed, good young gentleman."

I observed a great change in Gabrielle's manner, after hearing this, towards her admirer—for so he must be termed—as admiration was so evident in each word and look; by and by Gabrielle went out alone—there was no one to question or rebuke her; and in six weeks from the day that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun first saw her she became his wife. Yes, startling as it appears, it all seemed very natural and simple of accomplishment then; early one brilliant summer morning, Gabrielle woke me, and bade me rise directly, as she wished to confide something of great importance, which was about to take place in a few hours. Pale, but composed, she proceeded to array herself and me in plain white robes and straw bonnets; new, and purely white, yet perfectly simple and inexpensive, though far better than the habiliments we had been accustomed to wear. Gabrielle took them from a box, which must have come when I was sleeping; and when our toilet was completed, I compared her in my own mind to one of those young maidens whom I had seen in the church when bands of fair creatures were assembled for confirmation. She looked not like a *bride*—there was no blushing, no trembling; but a calm self-possession, and determination of purpose, which awed me.

"My wise little sister Ruth," she said, "I am going to be married this morning to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, at — church. You are my bridesmaid, and the clerk gives me away. I shall not come back here any more, for a chaise and four waits in Yarrow Wood to convey us away directly

after our marriage. You will come home, darling, and take off your marriage apparel to appear before him; and as I do not often dine with him, and he never asks for me, I shall not be missed. So say nothing—Nelly's tongue is tied—fear not her. Be patient, beloved one, till you hear from me; bright days are coming, Ruth, and we do not part for long."

Here she wept, oh, so bitterly, I thought she would die. Amazed and trembling, I ventured to ask if she loved Mr. Thomas Erminstoun better than me, for jealousy rankled, and at fourteen I knew nothing of love.

"Love him!" she cried vehemently, clasping her hands wildly; "I love only you on earth, my Ruth, my sister. He is a fool; and I marry him to save you and myself from degradation and misery. He buys me with his wealth. I am little more than sixteen"—she hung down her lovely head, poor thing—"but I am old in sorrow; I am hardened in sin, for I am about to commit a great sin. I vow to love, where I despise; to obey, when I mean to rule; and to honor, when I hold the imbecile youth in utter contempt!"

Vain were supplications and prayers to wait. Gabrielle led me away to the meadows, where a fly was in waiting, which conveyed us to the church. I saw her married; I signed something in a great book; I felt her warm tears and embraces, and I knew that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun kissed me too, as he disappeared with Gabrielle, and the clerk placed me in the fly alone, which put me down in the same place, in the quiet meadows by the shining water. I sat down and wept till I became exhausted. Was this all a dream? Had Gabrielle really gone? My child-sister married? Become rich and great? But I treasured her words, hurried home, and put on my old dark dress; and Nelly said not a word. Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's gold had secured her silence; and she was to "know nothing," but to take care of me for the present.

Ere my father retired to rest that night, a letter was brought addressed to him. I never knew the contents, but it was from Gabrielle and Gabrielle's husband. I did not see him again for some days, and then he never looked at me; and strange, strange it seemed, Gabrielle had disappeared like a snow wreath, in silence, in mystery; and I exclaimed in agony—"Was there ever anything like this in the world before?"

My father made himself acquainted with the position of the young man whom his daughter had gone off with, and also of the legality of their marriage; that ascertained satisfactorily, he sank into the same hopeless slothfulness and indolence as heretofore, dozing life away, and considering he had achieved a prodigious labor in making the necessary inquiries.

Very soon after this I had my first letter—doubly dear and interesting because it was from Gabrielle. The inn servant brought it under pretext of visiting Nelly, so my father knew nothing about it. Ah, that first letter! shall I ever forget how I bathed it with my tears, and covered it with kisses! It was short, and merely said they were in lodgings for the present, because Mr. Erminstoun had not yet forgiven his son; not a word about her happiness; not a word of her husband; but she concluded by saying, "that very soon she hoped to send for her darling Ruth—never to be parted more."

I know that my guardian angel whispered the

thoughts that now came into my head as I read and pondered; because I had prayed to be led as a sheep by the shepherd, being but a simple, weakly child. I determined on two things—to show the letter I had received from Gabrielle to my father, for conscience loudly whispered concealment was wrong; and never to quit him, because the time might come when he, perhaps, would require, or be glad of my attendance. I felt quite happy after forming these resolutions on my knees; and I wrote to Gabrielle telling her of them. I know not if my father observed what I said, but he took no notice, for he was half asleep and smoking; so I left the letter beside him, as I ever did afterwards, for I often heard from my beloved sister; and oh! but it was hard to resist her entreaties that I would come to her—that it was for my sake as well as her own she had taken so bold a step; and that now she had a pleasant home for me, and I refused. It was hard to refuse; but God was with me, or I never could have had strength of myself to persevere in duty, and “*deny myself*.” When Gabrielle found arguments and entreaties vain, she gave way to bursts of anguish that nearly overcame her; but when “I was weak, then I was strong,” and I clasped my precious Bible, and told her I *dared* not leave my father.

Then came presents of books, and all kinds of beautiful and useful things, to add to my comfort or improvement. Gabrielle told me they were settled in a pretty cottage near the Hall, and that Mr. Erminstoun had forgiven his son. Mr. Erminstoun was a widower, and had five daughters by a former marriage—Gabrielle’s husband being the only child of his second union; the Misses Erminstoun were all flourishing in single blessedness, and were known throughout the country-side as the “proud Miss Erminstouns.” These ladies were tall, and what some folks call “dashing women;” wearing high feathers, bright colors, and riding hither and thither in showy equipages, or going to church on the Sabbath with a footman following their solemn and majestic approach to the house of prayer, carrying the richly-embazoned books of these “miserable sinners.”

How I pined to hear from Gabrielle that she was happy, and cherished by her new connections; that she was humbled also, in some measure—abashed at the bold step she had taken. So young—so fair—so determined. I trembled, girl as I was, when I thought that God’s wrath might fall on her dear head, and chasten her rebellious spirit.

Six months subsequent to Gabrielle’s departure our father died, after but a few days severe suffering. Dying, he took my hand and murmured—“Good child!” and those precious words fell as a blessing on my soul; and I know he listened to the prayers which God put into my heart to make for his departing spirit. I mourned for the dead, because he was my father and I his child.

Nelly accompanied me to my sister’s home; and fairlyland seemed opening to my view when I embraced Gabrielle once more. What a pleasant home it was!—a cottage, not much larger than the one I had left—but how different! Elegance and comfort were combined; and when I saw the rare exotics in the tasteful conservatory I remembered the roses in our wilderness. Ah, I doubt if we ever valued flowers as we did those precious dewy buds. Wood End Cottage stood on the brow of a hill, commanding a fair prospect of sylvan quietude; the old parsonage was adjacent, inhabited by a

bachelor curate, “poor and pious,” the church tower peeping forth from a clump of trees. The peal of soft bells in that mouldering tower seemed to me like unearthly music; my heart thrilled as I heard their singular, melancholy chime. There were fine monuments within the church, and it had a superb painted window, on which the sun always cast its last gleams during the hours of summer-evening service.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, was paler and thinner than when I had seen him last, and I was shocked and alarmed at his appearance. His love for Gabrielle amounted to idolatry; and for her sake he loved and cherished me. She was colder and haughtier in manner than ever, receiving passively all the devoted tenderness lavished by her husband. This pained me sadly; for though he was assuredly simple, there was an earnest truthfulness and kindness about him, which won on the affections amazingly. He would speak to me of Gabrielle by the hour together, with ever-increasing delight; we both marvelled at her surpassing beauty, which each week became more angelic and pure in character.

On me alone all my sister’s caresses were bestowed; all the pent-up love of a passionate nature found vent in my arms, which were twined around her with strange enthusiastic love; therefore it was her faults occasioned me such agony—for I could not but see them—and I alone, of all the world, knew her noble nature—knew what she “might have been.” I told her that I expected to have found her cheerful now she had a happy home of her own.

“Happy! cheerful!” she cried, sadly. “A childhood such as mine was flings dark shadows over all futurity, Ruth.”

“Oh speak not so, beloved!” I replied; “have you not a good husband, your error mercifully forgiven! are you not surrounded by blessings!”

“And dependent,” she answered, bitterly.

“But dependent on your husband, as the Bible says every woman should be.”

“And my husband is utterly dependent on his father, Ruth; he has neither ability nor health to help himself, and on his father he depends for our bread. I have but exchanged one bondage for another; and all my hope is now centred in you, dearest, to educate you—to render you independent of this cold, hard world.”

“Why, Gabrielle,” I said, “you are not seventeen yet—it is not too late, is it, for you also to be educated?”

“Too late, too late,” answered Gabrielle, mournfully. “Listen, wise Ruth, I shall be a mother soon; and to my child, if it is spared, and to you, I devote myself. You have seen the Misses Erminstoun—you have seen vulgarity, insolence, and absurd pretension; they have taunted me with my ignorance, and I will not change it now. The blood of the De Coureys and O’Briens has made me a lady; and all the wealth of the Indies cannot make them so. No, Ruth, I will remain in ignorance, and yet tower above them, high as the clouds above the dull earth, in innate superiority and power of mind!”

“Oh, my sister,” I urged timidly, “it is not well to think highly of one’s self—the Bible teaches not so.”

“Ruth! Ruth!” she exclaimed, impatiently, “it is not that I think highly of myself, as you well know; you well know with what anguish I have deplored our wants; it is pretension I despise, and

rise above; talent, and learning, and virtue, and nobleness, that I revere, and could worship!"

"But, beloved," I urged, "people may be very kind and good, without being so mighty clever."

"The Erminstouns female are not kind, are not good," she haughtily replied; "the Erminstouns male are fools! Ruth, I have changed one bondage for another, and the sins of the father fall on the innocent child. I have changed starvation, and cold, and degradation, for hateful dependence on the vulgar and despised. Woe is me, woe is me! If I can but save you, my sister, and make you independent, I can bear my lot."

My education commenced, and they called me a "wise child;" every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss Erminstouns," who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with unutterable scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I prayed Gabrielle to try and win their love; to read her Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath;" but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and liked not to read of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and instructor in Mr. Dacre, the "poor, pious curate;" he was a college friend of my brother-in-law, and a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas' life a very precarious one, from the way in which he spoke to him on religious subjects, and the anxiety he evinced as to his spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used also to call me his "wise little friend;" and we were wont to speak of passages in the book I loved best. What thought I of him! Why, sometimes in my own mind I would compare him to an apostle—St. Paul, for instance—sincere, learned, and inspired; but then St. Paul haunted my day-dreams as a reverend gentleman with a beard and flowing robes, while Mr. Dacre was young, handsome, and excessively neat in his ecclesiastical costume and appointments generally. Mr. Dacre had serious dark eyes—solemn eyes they were, in my estimation, but the very sweetest smile in the world; and one of the Misses Erminstoun seemed to think so too; but people said that the pious young minister was vowed to celibacy.

There was also another frequent visitor at Erminstoun Hall, who not seldom found his way to Wood End Cottage; and this was no less a personage than Lord Treherne, who resided at Treherne Abbey in princely magnificence, and had lately become a widower. This nobleman was upwards of sixty, stately, cold, and reserved in manner, and rarely warmed into a smile, except in contemplation of woman's beauty; of which, indeed, he was an enthusiastic admirer. The late Lady Treherne had presented her lord with no family; and the disappointment was bitterly felt by Lord Treherne, who most ardently desired an heir to succeed to his ancient title and immense possessions. It was rumored abroad that the eldest Miss Erminstoun was likely to become the favored lady on whom his lordship's second choice might fall; she was still a handsome woman, and as cold and haughty as Lord Treherne himself; but, notwithstanding her smiles and encouragement, the ancient cavalier in search of a bride did not propose. Nay, on the contrary, he evinced considerable interest in Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's failing health; he was the poor young gentleman's god-father, and it seemed not improbable that, in the event of his lordship dying childless, his godson might inherit a desirable fortune. Rare fruits and flowers arrived in profusion from the Abbey; and my lord showed great interest in my

progress, while Gabrielle treated him with far more freedom than she did any one else, and seemed pleased and gratified by his fatherly attentions.

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle became the mother of as lovely a babe as ever entered this world of woe; and it was a fair and touching sight to behold the young mother caressing her infant daughter. I have often wondered that I felt no pangs of jealousy, for the beauteous stranger more than divided my sister's love for me—she engaged it nearly all; and there was something fearful and sublime in the exceeding idolatry of Gabrielle for her sweet baby. Self was immolated altogether; and when she hung over the baby's couch each night, watching its happy, peaceful slumbers, it was difficult to say which of the twain was the more beautiful. Repose marked the countenance of each—Gabrielle's was imbued with the heavenly repose of parental love.

In less than twelve months after its birth, that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity; and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Sad scenes followed this solemn event; the Misses Erminstoun wished to take her child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as "he had already so expensive an establishment to keep up; and, now poor Thomas was gone, there was really no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm-house."

All this came about in a few months, from one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudging her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child!" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet! though it was as soft and musical as the old church bells.

We left Wood End Cottage, and found refuge in a retired farm-house, as Mr. Erminstoun proposed; but we were together; and there were many who cried "shame" on the rich banker, for thus casting off his daughter-in-law and his grandchild. Small was the pittance he allowed for our subsistence; and the Misses Erminstoun never noticed Gabrielle on her refusal to part with the child. "She was not fit," they bruted about, "to bring up their poor brother's daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for kindness lavished; she had a cold heart and repellant manner, which had steeled their sympathies towards her." They thought themselves ill-used at Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses Erminstoun regarded Gabrielle and her poor little daughter as mere interlopers, who were robbing them of their father's money.

Well might Gabrielle say—"I have changed one bondage for another!" but I never heard her repeat that now. She was silent, even to me. No murmur escaped her lips; and what she felt or suffered I knew not. Little Ella was a pale flower, like her mother; but as similar to the parent rose as an opening rosebud.

"What could I do?" were the words I was continually repeating to myself. "I must not be an added burden to Mr. Erminstoun. I have already profited by my sister's union with his son, by having gratefully received instruction in various branches of learning, and can I not do something for myself?" What this *something* was to be, I



could not define. My lameness precluded active employment, and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts and wishes to Mr. Dacre, who often visited us, speaking words of balm and consolation to the afflicted. Gabrielle listened to his words, as she never had done to mine; and he could reprove, admonish, exhort, or cheer, when all human hope seemed deserting us. For where were we to look for a shelter, should it please Mr. Erminstoun to withdraw his allowance, to force Gabrielle to abandon her child to save it from want? I verily believe, had it not been for that precious babe, she would have begged her bread, and suffered me to do so, rather than be dependent on the scantily-doled-out bounty of Mr. Erminstoun.

During the twelve months that elapsed after her husband's death there was a "great calm" over Gabrielle—a tranquillity, like that exhibited by an individual walking in sleep. I had expected despair and passion when her lofty spirit was thus trampled to the dust; but no, as I have said, she was strangely tranquil—strangely silent. There was no resignation—that is quite another thing; and, except when my sister listened to Mr. Dacre, she never read her Bible, or suffered me to read it to her; but his deep, full, rich voice, inexpressibly touching and sweet in all its modulations, ever won her wrapt undivided attention. She attended the church where he officiated; and though the Erminstouns had a sumptuously-decorated pew there, it was not to that the young widow resorted; she sat amid the poor in the aisle, beneath a magnificent monument of the Treherne family, where the glorious sunset rays, streaming through the illuminated window, fell full upon her clustering golden hair and downcast eyes. There was pride in this, not humility; and Gabrielle deceived herself, as, with a quiet grace peculiarly her own, she glided to her lowly seat, rejecting Lord Treherne's proffered accommodation, as he courteously stood with his pew door open, bowing to the fair creature as if she had been a queen. The five Misses Erminstoun knelt on their velvet cushions, arrayed in feathers and finery, and strong in riches and worldly advantages; but my pale sister, in her coarsely-fashioned mourning garb, seated on a bench, and kneeling on the stone, might have been taken for the regal lady, and they her plebeian attendants.

Spiteful glances they cast towards Gabrielle, many a time and oft, when my Lord Treherne so pointedly paid his respectful devoirs; and there was as much pride and haughtiness in Gabrielle's heart as in theirs. Poor thing! she said truly, that "early shadows had darkened her soul," and what had she left but *pride*? Not an iota of woman's besetting littleness had my sister—noble, generous, self-denying, devoted where she loved; her sweetness had been poisoned, nor had she sought that fountain of living water which alone can purify such bitterness. Gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, Gabrielle's pride wrought her misery. Lord Treherne never came in person to our humble home—he had but once paid his respects to Gabrielle since her widowhood; but the rarest exotics continued to decorate our poor room, constantly replenished from Treherne Abbey, and sent with his lordship's card by a confidential domestic. He was always at church now, and people remarked "how pious my lord had latterly become." I was far too young and inexperienced then to understand or appreciate this delicacy and propriety on Lord Tre-

herne's part. But Mr. Dacre understood it; nor would he have intruded on our privacy, save in his ministerial capacity, and for the purpose of aiding and assisting me in the studies I endeavored to pursue. There was a "halo of sanctity" around Mr. Dacre, which effectually precluded any approach to freedom or frivolous conversation, in any society wherein he might be placed. He gave the tone to that society, and the gay and dashing Misses Erminstoun became subdued in his presence; while Lord Treherne, with excellent taste, not only showed the outward respect due to Mr. Dacre's sacred and high office, but the regard which his personal qualities deserved.

I have often looked back on that time immediately after my brother-in-law's decease, with wonder at our serenity—nay, almost contentment and happiness; despite the anguish and humiliation I knew Gabrielle must endure, her smile was ever beautiful and sweet, and illumined our poor home with the sunshine of heaven. Our baby was, I think I may say, almost equally dear to us both—it had two mothers, Gabrielle said; and what with nursing the darling little thing, and learning my lessons, and Mr. Dacre's visits, time flew rapidly.

On the appearance of each fresh token of Lord Treherne's remembrance, I observed an expression flit across my sister's face which I could not define; it was of triumph and agony combined, and she always flew to her baby, clasping it convulsively to her bosom, and whispering words of strange import. On Mr. Dacre's expressive, serious countenance, also, I noticed passing clouds, as Gabrielle bestowed enthusiastic admiration on the superb exotics. Why this was I could by no means satisfactorily decide, as Mr. Dacre, so kind and generous, must approve the disinterested delicacy exhibited by Lord Treherne, in his offerings to the fatherless and widow. But the disinterestedness of my lord's attentions was a myth which I soon discarded; for in twelve months subsequent to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's decease, a letter from Treherne Abbey was brought to Gabrielle, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Trehernes, and signed by the present representative of that noble race. We were seated at our fireside, busy with domestic needlework, and I saw Gabrielle's hands tremble as she opened it, while that strange, wild expression of triumph and pain flitted more than once over her face as she perused the missive. She silently gave it to me, and with amazement I read its contents—such an idea had never once entered my simple brain. Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline her ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most munificent settlements should be made. I laughed heartily as I read his lordship's rhapsodies, becoming a young lover; and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, "What a pity, dearest, that we cannot have such a noble father for our little Ella!" the possibility of Gabrielle's marrying a man of nearly seventy never entered into my calculations for a moment. Therefore my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered—

"Why cannot Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth?"

"Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

"But I mean to marry him, Ruth; could you doubt it? Could I have lived on as I have done without prophetic hope to support me? Think

you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth, and power! Oh, Ruth, were I alone it might be different!" She spoke in a tone of suppressed anguish and passionate regret. "But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub, "for her sake I would immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has power to save and to bless! *She* must not be doomed to poverty or dependence. No, no! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

"And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

"Name them not, Ruth; name them not, if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do!"

Alas! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so. But *Blanche Erminstoun* will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half-smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires heroic self-command to descend to the common places of this workaday world; but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when premature sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies. I read my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and I inwardly murmured, "Alas for woman's love, it is cast aside!"

My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one (Gabrielle had stipulated for this); his lordship's chaplain performed the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away and she was clad in muslin; now she was arrayed in satin and glittering with gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of the bridegroom, gave her lily hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was forsworn; but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own; while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the continent, where we remained for the six following years, Gabrielle and myself receiving instructions in every accomplishment suitable to our position. It was charming to witness with what celerity my beautiful sister acquired everything she undertook, for she was as anxious as her lord to adorn the high station to which she now belonged. Wherever we went the fame of Lady Treherne's beauty went with us, while her fascination of manner and highbred elegance perfectly satisfied her fastidious husband that he had made a wise and prudent choice. There was one drawback to his lordship's perfect contentment, and this was the absence of the much-wished-for heir, for Gabrielle presented no children to her husband; and our

little Ella, a fairy child of brilliant gifts, and almost superhuman loveliness, became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to her doting mother's. It was settled, ere we returned to England, that Ella was to drop the name of Erminstoun, and, as Lord Treherne's acknowledged heiress, legal forms were to be immediately adopted in order to ratify the change of name to that of the family appellation of the Trehernes.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle kneel beside her aged husband, and thank him fondly for this proof of regard; triumph sparkled in her eyes, and Lord Treherne laid his hand on her fair head, blessing her as he did so. She had made him a good wife, in every sense of the term; he never forgot that her blood equalled his own. But Gabrielle did, for that very reason; her gratitude made her humble towards him, because he was humble towards her; nor did Lord Treherne ever cease to think that Gabrielle had conferred a favor in marrying him.

A succession of fêtes and entertainments were given at Treherne Abbey after our return, and Gabrielle was the star on whom all gazed with delighted admiration. All the country families flocked to pay their homage, but the Erminstouns came not until Lady Treherne extended a hand of welcome to her first husband's family; she was too exalted, both in station and mind, to cherish the pitiful remembrances of their former unkindness. There were but two Misses Erminstoun now, the others were well married (according to the world's notion, that is); and the youngest, who had not given up hopes of yet becoming Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into a nun-like damsel, something between a Sister of Charity and a Quakeress in exterior: perhaps Mr. Dacre read the interior too well, and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the poor, and attendance on the charity-schools, and regular loud devotions at church, Mr. Dacre remained obdurate and wedded to celibacy. It might be that he disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, but I think he was at one time vulnerable on that point.

How delighted I was to see him once more, to hear him call me his "wise little friend," with his former sweet smile and affectionate manner! Six years had changed him—he looked rather careworn, and well he might, for he was a true worker in the Lord's vineyard. Nor was his mission confined to the poor; the rich and noble also felt his influence. Lord and Lady Treherne greeted him as an old and valued friend; nor could I detect the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost faded away. She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella, with her winning, gentle ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that she loved him very much indeed: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell her those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,—

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart misgives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came not frequently to Treherne, but he was a quick observer, and he saw we had set up an idol for ourselves in this child; he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yes, *shivered*

with dismay, at the bare suggestion he hinted at—that God was a “jealous God,” and permitted no idolatrous worship to pass unreprieved.

Poor young mother, how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness!

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother sat by her coffin four days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her; there was an alarming expression in her eyes, if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died; she was hopeful to the last: it was impossible, she said, that her child could die; her faculties could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender, sympathizing heart; nerved by strength from above, he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the benumbed mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and then words were spoken far too solemn and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the judgment-day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was; and, prostrate beside her dead child, cried, “I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature; deal with me as thou seest best.” Pride abased, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me; and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated betwixt life and death, I knew that she was an altered being, and that this bitter affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy throne, forever crying,—

“Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!”

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that the mother was about to rejoin her child in the mansions of the blest. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were as pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle

was hastening they would be reunited in glory—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr. Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him—indeed, he could scarcely bear me to be out of his sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine. He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in His merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before—of God's ways in bringing us to Himself, chastening pride and self-reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne, with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his “wise little Ruth,” as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the abbey came into the possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End Cottage was vacant, and I purchased it; and, assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly, and, I humbly trust, not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End Church to the memory of Gabrielle and Ella, his adopted daughter; the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side by side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed, as if weary—wearied.

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt; dim voices haunt me from the past; my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where “Ruth the cripple” reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, “dust to dust.”

#### SUPPOSED CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN NEW ZEALAND.

—Some of the gold of California is beginning to find its way here, in exchange for flour and timber, &c. Ready-made wooden houses, framed and fitted, have been exported in considerable quantity to California, and sell extremely well. Summer good—crops abundant. It is the opinion of nearly every one that the climate has undergone a great change since the occurrence of the violent earthquake which we experienced about eighteen months since, and a change for the better. It is difficult at first to perceive any connection between earthquakes and the weather; but if electricity be supposed to be a principal agent upon which earthquakes depend, the connection will become more apparent. Be this, however, as it may, the fact is certain that since our earthquake the weather has

been more genial than it used to be. Another circumstance, however, which is a common matter of observation, is this—that as the weather has become more favorable to vegetation, it has been less so to health; for colds, influenzas, and slight feverish attacks, have been very prevalent of late, and much more frequent than what they formerly were. During the first four or five months after I came here, it was exceedingly rare to hear any one cough; but this last summer nothing has been more common. How fearful the cholera appears to have been in England! No case, I believe, has been met with south of the line; the same thing is asserted of hydrophobia, but I do not know with what truth.—*Extract of a Letter from Dr. D. Monro, New Zealand.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

# YOUNG'S BERANGER.\*

To reproduce the lyrics of Beranger, in English verse, is a hard task; as hard as the translation of the "Pickwick Papers" into French Prose, or Burns' Songs, or Elliott's Corn Law Rhymes into French poetry. It is a difficult matter for any one who has not been born and bred under the same sunshine with the author of the "Roi d'Yvetôt" and "Le Violon Brisé," by any process so thoroughly to acclimate himself to his peculiarities of style and felicitous idioms of expression, as to understand their full sense and spirit, much more to clothe them in a foreign dress. It is as hard a matter to make English verse of his songs as it would be to make an Englishman of Beranger himself, that Poet of Grisettes, of *La Grande Nation*, of French democracy and Parisian gayety, folly and love *au Sisième*. Classic authors of almost any country, who indulge in an elaborate style, and write for posterity and academic honors, for aught that appears to the contrary in their works, might easily be translated, physically and bodily, as well as in their writings, into foreign parts, without doing much violence to their habits of thought or nationality of association. But Beranger out of France—away from the vineyards and the vintage—from the tri-color—from the village *fêtes* of Passy and Tours—from the bachelor convivialities of Paris—would be Beranger no longer. His nationality and his individuality are the life of his poetry and his poetic fame. At home, he is universally known; abroad, hardly at all; nor can his genius be properly estimated from the point of view which our standards of criticism adopt in judging of the merits of works of poetic art.

In fact, there was hardly ever an author whose literary eminence has been so entirely owing to his popularity, in the strictest sense of that much abused term, as Beranger. Without a liberal education, without literary connexions, or any profound study or appreciation, apparently, of the resources of poetry, his natural wit, his lively perceptions of the ludicrous, his strong sympathies with humanity, as such, irrespective of caste or class, and his vivid imagination, have infused into his lyrics the truest poetic spirit, and made them genuine, powerful productions of genius. Their appeal is not to the judgment of critics, but to the sensibilities of every man who reads them. This is a test to which few poets would choose to bring their works; but with Beranger it has been the only test to which he has cared to bring his. He sings to amuse himself, to entertain the public, to please the people; and, strange to say, he succeeds not only in amusing himself, but also in entertaining the public, and pleasing everybody. To object to his morals, or rather his want of them—to criticize his style, or rather his neglect of style—to lament that he should have wasted his life in writing so much that is witty, and so little that is wise—all this makes him none the less the most popular song-writer of the present age.

In spite of his popularity at home, all the greater since the last revolution, which the whole political tendency of his writings helped to bring on, Beranger has been but little studied or appreciated out of France. One principal reason has been the

extreme difficulty, already adverted to, of adapting inflexible English to the necessities of his peculiar and very independent style, which generally derives half its point and beauty from the use of happy expressions in the vernacular, which it is almost impossible to render effectively in a foreign tongue. The few translators who have ventured on the work hitherto, have succeeded very imperfectly, and none have attempted more than partial selections. We remember but three volumes of such translations;—one by William Anderson, published in Edinburgh; one from the press of Pickering, by the "Author of the Exile of Idria," a poem which never took refuge, to our knowledge, in this country; and another, a Philadelphia collection, issued in a neat volume, in 1844.

In point of fulness and faithfulness the present translations by Mr. Young far surpass the previous attempts. He has labored evidently to reproduce Beranger as he really is; and to present the poems which have made him famous, as nearly as possible, as they really are. The work shows much diligence, discrimination and poetic power. It is uniformly careful in execution, and in the main very successful. By way of comparison with its predecessors, take that charming song, "Ma Vocation," which opens with this simple, compact, and touching stanza:—

Jeté sur cette boule,  
Laid, chétif et souffrant;  
Etouffé dans la foule,  
Faute d'être assez grand;  
Une plainte touchante  
De ma bouche sortit,  
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,  
Chante, pauvre petit!

This the author of the "Exile of Idria" expands into English verse as follows:—

Squalid, faint, and suffering, hurled  
Up and down this wheeling world,  
Crushed amongst the crowd of men,  
Myself too weak to press again;  
I breathed a deep and bitter sigh,  
That spoke my spirit's misery:  
Some God that heard, suggested, "Sing,  
And Song shall consolation bring."

The Philadelphia translator goes beyond this, and undertakes to make a real lyrical affair of it, *e. g.*:—

Cast on this ball, despised, oppress,  
No giant at the very best,  
I'm stifled by the throng;  
Whilst in distress for aid I cry,  
A voice within me bids me try  
The powers of Lyric song;  
Yes! 'tis a voice that sweetly cries,  
Rise, hapless Beranger, arise,  
And strike the lyre!

Mr. Young catches the true spirit of this simple ode for the first time amongst these translators of Beranger:—

Plain, sorry, and sickly,  
Adrift on this ball,  
Trodden down by the masses  
Because I'm so small;  
To my lips when a murmur  
Will touchingly spring,  
God whispers me kindly,  
"Sing, little one, sing!"

\* "Beranger: Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems done into English Verse." By William Young. New York: Putnam. 1850.



A few selections from the volume will give the better idea both of the spirit of Beranger and the style of the translations. The following version of the "Roi D'Yvetôt," one of the most famous of all the poet's productions, in which, under a lively ballad, a satire upon the extravagant magnificence and expense of the imperial court is indulged in, is well done:—

## LE ROI D'YVETÔT.

There was a King of Yvetôt once,  
But little known in story;  
To bed betimes, and rising late,  
Sound sleeper without glory:  
With cotton night-cap, too, instead  
Of crown, would Jenny deck his head—

'Tis said,  
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

Snug in his palace thatched with straw,  
He eat four meals a day;  
And on a donkey, through his realm,  
Took leisurely his way.  
Frank, joyous, from suspicion free,  
One dog alone his guard to be,

Had he.  
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

One single onerous taste was his—  
A somewhat lively thirst;  
But the king who heeds his subjects' good,  
Must heed his own the first.  
A tax at table to allot,  
Direct from every cask he got

One pot,  
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

Since maidens of good family  
With love he could inspire,  
His subjects had a hundredfold  
Good cause to call him sire.  
Four times a year the roll was beat;  
His men at targets to compete,  
Would meet  
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

He sought not to enlarge his states,  
To neighbors kindness showed,  
And, model for all potentates,  
Took pleasure for his code.  
Thus had his people shed no tear  
Till, dying, they in grief drew near  
His bier.

Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

And still of that right worthy prince,  
Oft is the portrait shown,  
The sign of a famous drinking house,  
Through all the province known,  
And many a fête-day crowds will bring  
To tipple there before "The King."

And sing  
Rat tat, rat tat, rat tat, rat tat,  
Oh, what a good little king was that!  
Rat tat.

In a different strain, and with an equal spirit of sympathy with the masses, Beranger often sang the

glories of the empire, the great qualities of Napoleon, and the souvenirs of his splendid career. As a contrast to the satirical ballad of the King of Yvetôt, we extract:—

## THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Ay, many a day the straw-thatched cot  
Shall echo with his glory!  
The humblest shed these fifty years  
Shall know no other story.  
There shall the idle villagers  
To some old dame resort,  
And beg her with those good old tales  
To make their evenings short.  
What though they say he did us harm,  
Our love this cannot dim;  
Come, Granny, talk of him to us—  
Come, Granny, talk of him.

Well, children: with a train of kings  
Once he passed by this spot;  
'T was long ago—I had but just  
Begun to boil the pot.  
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon  
I watched him on his way;  
He wore a small three-cornered hat;  
His overcoat was gray.  
I was half frightened till he spoke—  
"My dear," says he, "how do?"  
"Oh, Granny, Granny, did he speak?  
What, Granny! speak to you?"

Next year, as I, poor soul, by chance,  
Through Paris strolled one day,  
I saw him taking, with his court,  
To Notre Dame his way.  
The crowd were charmed with such a show,  
Their hearts were filled with pride;  
What splendid weather for the fête!  
Heaven favors him! they cried.  
Softly he smiled, for God had given  
To his fond arms a boy.  
"Oh, how much joy you must have felt!  
Oh, Granny, how much joy!"

But when, at length, our poor Champagne  
By foes was overrun,  
He seemed alone to hold his ground—  
Not dangers would he shun.  
One night—as might be now—I heard  
A knock—the door unbarred,  
And saw—Good God!—'t was he himself,  
With but a scanty guard.  
Oh, what a war is this, he cried,  
Taking this very chair—  
"What! Granny, Granny, there he sat?  
What! Granny, he sat there?"

"I'm hungry," said he: quick, I served  
Thin wine and hard brown bread,  
He dried his clothes, and by the fire  
To sleep drooped down his head.  
Waking, he saw my tears:—"Cheer up,  
Good dame," says he, "I go  
'Neath Paris walls to strike for France  
One last avenging blow!"  
He went; but on the cup he used  
Such value did I set—  
It has been treasured, "What! till now?  
You have it, Granny, yet?"

Here 't is; but 't was the hero's fate  
To ruin to be led.  
He, whom a Pope had crowned, alas!  
In a lone isle lies dead.  
'T was long denied; No, no, said they,  
Soon shall he reappear:—  
O'er ocean comes he; and the foe  
Shall find his master here.

Ah, what a bitter pang I felt  
 When forced to own 't was true !  
 "Poor Granny ! Heaven, for this, will look,  
 Will kindly look on you."

The "Violon Brisé," another of Beranger's most popular songs, is in something of the same style, and is in the original one of the most touching and interesting poems of its class ever written. It loses much in translation, but Mr. Young gives it with much effect :—

## THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

Come here, my poor dog, honest beast,  
 Munch away, never mind my despair,  
 Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,  
 If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

Last night in our valley the foe—  
 Victors only by trickery—spoke :  
 "Play a tune, we would dance;" but I boldly said,  
 "No !"  
 So my fiddle in anger they broke.

'T was the villagers' orchestra; now  
 Happy days, pleasant fêtes, are no more !  
 In the shade who can get up our dances ? or how  
 Shall the Loves be aroused as of yore ?

Its strings, they we lustily plied—  
 At the dawn of the fortunate day,  
 To announce the young bridegroom awaiting the bride,  
 With his escort to show her the way.

Did the priest give an ear to its touch  
 He our dance without fear would allow;  
 The gladness it spread all around it was such,  
 It had smoothed even royalty's brow.

What and if it has preluded strains  
 That our glory was wont to awake !  
 Could I dream that the foeman invading our plains  
 His revenge on a fiddle would take ?

Come here, my poor dog, honest beast;  
 Munch away, never mind my despair,  
 Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,  
 If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

How long will the Sundays appear,  
 In the barn, or beneath the old tree!  
 Will Providence smile on our vintage this year,  
 Since silent the fiddle will be ?

How it shortened the toils of the poor !  
 How it took the chill off from their lot !  
 For the great, and for taxes, and tempests, a cure  
 All alone it enlivened the cot.

What hate it hath served to suppress !  
 What tears hath forbidden to flow !  
 What good—all the sceptres on earth have done less  
 Than was done by the scrape of my bow.

But my courage they warm—we must chase  
 Such pitiful foes from our land !  
 They have broken my fiddle—'t is well—in its place,  
 The musket I 'll grasp in my hand !

And the friends whom I quit—a long list—  
 If I perish some day will recall,  
 That the barbarous hordes I refused to assist  
 In a dance o'er the wreck of our fall.

Then come, my poor dog, honest beast;  
 Munch away, never mind my despair,  
 Here's a morsel of cake for to-day, at the least,  
 If to-morrow black bread be our fare.

The beautiful illustrations which embellish this volume, struck off from the plates prepared for the illustrated Paris edition, by Perrotin, (which is the

edition of the poet's works,) and the handsome style in which it has been published, make the book very attractive. It will be best appreciated by those who best understand Beranger and his position, social, poetical, and political, and who can enjoy his humor and pathos in the original as well as in the translation. To others it is an introduction to a man of great and peculiar genius, which ought to be followed up by an acquaintance with his works in their vernacular.

From the Spectator.

## COLLINS' RAMBLES BEYOND RAILWAYS.\*

THIS volume contains an account of a pedestrian tour by Mr. Collins in Cornwall, a county to which railways have not yet penetrated. Leaving Plymouth behind him, the author, and his artist friend, Mr. Brandling, threaded the county from St. Germans to the Lizard and the Land's-End; visiting the most remarkable places, whether of art or nature, and whether the natural attractions were of the quietly beautiful, the desolate, or the magnificent kind. Mr. Collins, as a pedestrian, was of necessity thrown much among the people; and he has picked up many traits of their character, as well as some curious traditions. There are also matters of a more utilitarian cast, but popularly treated—as a mine, the pilchard fishery, an economical survey of the condition of the poor.

The county of Cornwall is not quite so new to books as Mr. Collins seems to suppose. Mr. Murray included it lately in one of his guides, and there have been many incidental notices of portions of the county: though hitherto there may not have been so complete an account of Cornwall if we except the "County History," and nothing done in the same way. That way, however, is not altogether of the best in some parts. At starting, Mr. Collins falls into the wordmongering and "deadly" style of the magazine *littérateur*. In a "Start" of forced vivaciousness, he gives a most exaggerated account of the ideas entertained about Cornwall as a terra incognita—comparing it to Kamtschatka; and when started, he is not a great deal better with a minute account of trifling circumstances sometimes elaborated into tediousness—as the troubles of bad inns and panegyrics upon good ones; verbose sketches of "characters" that have no character at all in the description; accounts of adventures through bad roads or wet weather; with commonplace stories of saints and similar book lore. As the traveller gets into the heart of the country and among the wonders with which Cornwall really abounds, the interest of the book and the manner of the writer improve. The singular sea-lying lake of Loo, the rocky coast about Lizard Point, the scenery and associations of the Land's-End, with the social and economical subjects, have matter which does not suffer in the telling. "St. Michael's Mount" is a survey of its history, after the hackneyed mode, but cleverly done. The ancient and the modern drama in Cornwall are also clever, but partake more of the article than of the chapter in a book. *Rambles Beyond Railways* contains some clever sketches of Cornwall, and will furnish useful hints and something more to those who intend making a tour

\* *Rambles Beyond Railways*; or *Notes in Cornwall*, taken afoot. By W. Wilkie Collins, Author of the "Life of William Collins, R. A.," "Antonina," &c., &c. With Illustrations by Henry C. Branding. Published by Bentley.

thither; but until the work is unsparingly pruned of its weaknesses and verbiages, it will add nothing to the reputation of Mr. Collins.

As an example of the descriptive part of the book, we may take a bit of the descent into Botallack mine.

We are now four hundred yards out under the bottom of the sea, and twenty fathoms or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work; and there are galleries deeper yet even below that. The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface at Botallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea.

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it; a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance, from some far invisible height; a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground in the free air of heaven; a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when, listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor; all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no such catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the caverns below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and, flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the dark ceiling of the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain, untouched: the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a great part, of the rock which forms their only protection

against the sea, and which has been so far worked away here that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pick-axe on any part of it. This information is rather startling when communicated at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet under ground. We should decidedly have preferred to receive it in the counting-house. It makes us pause for an instant, to the miner's infinite amusement, in the very act of knocking away about an inch of ore from the rock, as a memento of Botallack. Having, however, ventured, on reflection, to assume the responsibility of weakening our defence against the sea by the length and breadth of an inch, we secure our piece of copper, and next proceed to discuss the propriety of descending two hundred and forty feet more of ladders, for the sake of visiting that part of the mine where the men are at work.

Two or three causes concur to make us doubt the wisdom of going lower. There is a hot, moist, sickly vapor floating about us, which becomes more oppressive every moment; we are already perspiring at every pore, as we were told we should, and our hands, faces, jackets, and trousers, are all more or less covered with a mixture of mud, tallow, and iron-drippings, which we can feel and smell much more acutely than is exactly desirable. We ask the miner what there is to see lower down. He replies, nothing but men breaking ore with pickaxes; the galleries of the mine are alike, however deep they may go; when you have seen one, you have seen all.

The answer decides us: we determine to get back to the surface.

The book is illustrated by a dozen colored views of the most striking landscapes or features. Their forms are picturesque and truthful-looking; a cold gray predominates in the coloring—the only colors being blue and brown.

From the Journal of Commerce.

#### THE LADDER.

[Affectionately inscribed to little Hattie, who has just learned the alphabet.]

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

A LADDER resting on the earth below,  
And towering higher than the angels go,  
Receives thy tiny footsteps, mounting slow.

Thy parents, but a little way ascended,  
Stoop down to grasp thy eager hands extended;  
Mount, darling, by our loving aid befriended!

To lead thee with us on to regions higher,  
Our hearts with zeal unwonted doth inspire;  
We feel the kindling of a new desire!

A proud incentive, never felt before,  
Impels us the lofty steep to soar;  
To lead thee with us climbing evermore!

Short is that portion which in time we see;  
Beyond, still pointing up eternally,  
It rests upon the throne of Deity.

Toilsome and dark the way may often prove,  
Which up through time ascends; but heavenly love  
Will bring us light and courage from above.

And then, full oft, the holy bliss of knowing,  
While earth beneath us less and less is growing,  
Shall fill our grateful hearts to overflowing.

And when, beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
We soar and mount the sacred height sublime,  
Ecstatic joy shall swell our choral rhyme!

There, unencumbered by our earthly clod,  
In that bright realm, by mortal never trod,  
The angel choirs mount toward the throne of God.

And oft, methinks, they bend their flaming eyes,  
Down through the portals of the nether skies,  
On us, poor mortals, struggling hence to rise.

Then their sweet words of heavenly hope descending,  
Seem with the notes of earthly music blending,  
New life and courage to our spirit sending.

If e'er to try the giddy height thou fearest,  
Listen—and when their cheering words thou hearest,  
Press on with us to overtake them, dearest!

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 24, 1850.

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